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The Week

BY the letter of the law the present Congress has a right to enact a shipping subsidy act, if it pleases. By the spirit of American institutions it has no such right. The United States is a republic, after all, and the men in Congress speak with the authority of just law only in so far as they represent the will of the people. Since the election it has been established that the present Congress is no longer representative of the popular will. It must of course carry on the essential functions of government and enact such measures as are requisite to this end. To strike out on new lines of policy would be, morally, usurpation, pure and simple, even if there were reason to suppose that the action would be approved by the new Congress. The shipping subsidy involves a new departure in policy. It is practically certain that the new Congress would vote it down. If President Harding and the Republican leaders jam it through at the special session, they will have availed themselves of a loophole in the Constitution to substitute their own private wills for that of the American people. It is hard to conceive any procedure better calculated to shake the confidence of the people in the Republican party, and what is infinitely more serious, in the sanctity of law.

THERE is something extremely moving in Woodrow Wilson's emergence from his long silence on Armistice Day. This day marked the anniversary of his triumph, a triumph which at the time appeared the greatest that had ever fallen to the lot of mortal man. The peace of the world, he firmly believed on that day, was to be established permanently upon the foundations laid out in his thought. That dream seemed to him so magnificent, so right, that it must be real. Indeed, it fixed its reality upon his mind so indelibly that after four years in which every hope of 1918 has been turned to mockery, he still feels that the day is merely delayed when the dream will come true for all men. "Puny persons who are now standing in the way will presently find that their weakness is no match for the strength of a moving Providence." So brave an illusion inspires respect. It inspires fear, too, in the breasts of Democratic leaders who know that the injection of it into the platform of 1924 would seriously diminish the chances of victory.

ONE of the high lights in the election returns is the result in Colorado. The state from whose borders William Z. Foster was forcibly ejected by a swashbuckling constabulary officer, has asserted itself by the election of William E. Sweet as governor. Mr. Sweet is a wealthy radical who unexpectedly won the Democratic nomination in the primaries and then made a vigorous campaign on an outspoken declaration of radical principles, with emphasis on condemnation of Foster's deportation. The Republicans adopted the obvious strategy. They nominated a Harding-like Republican, Benjamin Griffith, safe and respectable and manageable, and went into the campaign on the issue of salvation from Bolshevism. Party lines

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were broken for more logical formations. The Denver Post, an unscrupulous paper but the most powerful organ in the Rocky Mountain region and normally the Democratic party's strongest bulwark, announced its support of Griffith, because even its party loyalty could not stomach the Red. It was followed by other Democratic papers. Then a group of Denver Democrats, including the most powerful residents of the city socially, industrially and financially, formed an organization to purge the party of its Red corruption by electing the Republican candidate. Six weeks ago Sweet's election seemed hopeless, but the electorate of the state, practically deprived of a press from which to get the facts to base a fair judgment and against the urging of its most influential elements, went to the polls and while electing Republican congressmen scratched the ballot to put in Sweet. Normal Republican strongholds like El Paso county returned a plurality for Sweet. You can't fool all the people—

THE French are no longer entirely pleased with the results of their diplomacy in the Levant. They meant to damage British prestige, and they succeeded. But they had no idea of damaging all Occidental prestige, including their own. That is, however, exactly what they have done. The Turkish Nationalists now feel their oats. The French taught them that Britain could not afford to fight, and the Turkish Nationalists are shrewd enough to see that the French can still less afford it. They have therefore set out to abrogate all Occidental privileges, the Capitularies, the protectorate of various Christian sects, the administration of the Ottoman debt, in which the French are vitally interested. That is one group of items in the cost to the French of over clever diplomacy. A more serious item is the loss of British friendship. The pretence of an understanding between the two nations cannot be kept up much longer.

IT is perfectly possible, financially, to stabilize the German mark at its present value. There is gold enough in the Reichsbank to insure the redemption of any notes presented, at a rate considerably above the present gold value of the mark. It is further entirely possible, financially, to balance Germany's budget, and to bring about a proper balance between imports and exports. This is made perfectly clear by the majority report of the Allied financial experts, signed by Brand, Keynes, Jenks and Cassel. But the political conditions under which these things become possible are the stumbling block to reform. Germany must have a moratorium for two years, not only on cash deliveries but on deliveries in kind. The reparations sum must be fixed, as soon as possible, at a practicable limit. Germany must be given freedom to control her customs, to the exclusion of luxuries, if necessary, and must receive most favored nation treatment. On her own part, she must levy and collect adequate taxes and submit to a vigorous regimen of currency and financial control. There must be cooperation, and perfectly good faith, on both sides. Unfortunately neither side exhibits any desire to cooperate in good faith. Both France and Germany treat the experts' report as waste paper. France will not abandon her policy of futile menace, nor Germany her policy of spiritless evasion.

M. CLEMENCEAU has found his John the Baptist in Jean Longuet, representative of French Labor. On Monday evening in Carnegie Hall this forerunner declared that his successor will speak only for the reactionary and militaristic elements of France, the party which suppressed the opportunity of peace in 1917, and which drove the war to its merciless conclusion in an abominable peace. We shall await with interest M. Clemenceau's reply to this challenge and his defence of his policy in war and peace. His views on the reparations, the Allied debts and the League of Nations are of little importance. He belongs to the past of which these things are a legacy. More than any other man he is responsible for that past. As in the case of Mr. Wilson, when he ignores his handiwork, or complacently pronounces it good, we are too much occupied in wondering if he will get away with it to care what he thinks of the future. If there is a future it belongs to M. Longuet.

ONE non-political feature of the elections stands out as worth particular notice. In Massachusetts, where a referendum was held on censorship of the movies, the voters decided by four to one against censorship. This sign of a healthy and decisive public opinion seems even more encouraging when taken with the fact that the people of Massachusetts felt so strongly on the subject that more of them recorded their vote on it than voted for governor or senator. We hope that the advocates of movie censorship will accept this as the substantial rebuke it was meant to be; and we hope that their cause will suffer from it as it deserves to.

EX-SECRETARY of the Treasury McAdoo offers a suggestion for financing the bonus which is worth serious consideration. Let the beneficiaries of the new tariff submit to a minute accounting of the increase in their profits after the passage of the law. Then take the bulk of

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those profits to meet the claims of the ex-service men. This plan has two important advantages. The bonus could be paid without taking from the general public anything that had not already been forfeited to the profiteers. And the industrial interests would hereafter be extremely cautious in seeking new tariff favors. Mr. McAdoo would no doubt be willing to refine his plan so as to exempt from the tax the small number of protected industries whose profits, though increased by the tariff, remained modest. It would then become an ideal regulator of the tariff supported industries.

ABOUT a month ago the Oliver American Trading Corporation brought suit for damages against the Mexican government in the New York Supreme Court at Nyack. Its charge was that the Mexican government, jealous of its efficient handling of a Mexican government railroad, had confiscated and failed to return locomotives belonging to it in spite of a ruling from the Mexican courts that the locomotives had been unlawfully seized. The corporation established its case, and the court issued a writ of attachment to the amount of $1,164,000 against the Mexican consulate and against other Mexican government offices and funds in New York City. The Mexican government retaliated by closing its consulate and severing trade relations with New York. At the instance of Secretary Hughes the attachment on the consulate was vacated. But the other attachments remain in effect.

THE Supreme Court of New York was undoubtedly in the wrong. International law is clear on this point. The government of one country has no right to touch the funds or official records of another country. The New York Supreme Court, which was probably aware of this principle, issued the writ of attachment on the ground that the Mexican government is still unrecognized. This interpretation cannot stand. The United States, while it does not recognize the Mexican government de jure, maintains a chargé d'affaires at Mexico City, and there is absolutely no doubt that the Mexican government is recognized de facto. This statement is based on a principle expounded by no less an authority than a United States Supreme Court decision of 1918 (Sup. Court, U. S., 1918, Oetjen vs. Central Leather Co., 246 U. S. 297).

THE facts which resulted in that decision were as follows: Huerta had been proclaimed president of Mexico. Villa, acting as agent of Carranza, who actually held two-thirds of Mexico, confiscated leather belonging to a Mexican concern. Villa sold the confiscated material to a concern in the United States. The Mexican concern sued the latter to recover value of the goods. The Circuit Court of New Jersey, however, decided that the United States by trading with the Carranza government had recognized it as the de facto government and hence that Villa, as the representative of Carranza, had a right to confiscate private property in Mexico. The United States Supreme Court sustained this decision. Certainly the present Obregon régime has a much stronger claim to being the de facto government of Mexico than did the Carranza régime, at a time when there were contending factions for the control of Mexico. It is a pity that an American court should combine such bad judgment and such bad law in a case involving this régime. Quite possibly the claims of the Oliver Corporation were justified, but a wrong way of trying to collect them has resulted in little but harm to American trade and prestige in Mexico, and a deeper conviction there that the United States is partial to big-stick methods.

New Parties for Old

THE last election, so it is optimistically asserted, proves the prevalence and power of independent voting. Range the last two elections side by side, and you will be driven to the inference that a quarter of the voters can very easily be moved to abandon either of the great parties for the other. What emphasizes the showing of independence is the extent to which tickets were scratched. In almost every state one candidate or another ran far ahead of, or behind, his party ticket. Are we not at last beginning to discriminate between both measures and men? And that is the Mugwump's millennium.

But there are two possible reasons, a good one and a bad one, why there should be a great ebb and flow of voters between the parties. The good reason is the independence of the voter's judgment. The bad one is the dying out of principle in both the parties. If neither party stands for anything distinctive, it takes small conviction to make the voter independent. But his independence is that of a coin which would as lief fall heads as tails. We do not assert that the good reason does not account, in some measure, for the recent flow of voters to the Democratic party. But we think that we are not unduly cynical in ascribing chief influence to the bad reason. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have wares to offer that the voters could grasp at with great eagerness. And such wares as they have are pretty much alike. The parties are not clearly divided

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on international issues, on armament, on taxation, on prohibition, on labor, on the treatment of the ex-service men, or on the railways, except possibly in point of more or less. They are not even divided clearly on the tariff and ship subsidies. The curious competition for the support of the progressives is a sufficient proof of the decay of party principle. One party is as hospitable as the other to the strange doctrines of the new progressivism.

There are many students of American life who conclude from the decay of party spirit that the era in which politics is an important part of the national life is drawing to a close. They argue that the spirit of the times is beginning to flow in other channels. The ancient conflict between the few and the many still rages, but on new fields. It is being fought out in the struggle between organized labor and organized capital; between the agricultural cooperative societies and the commission men and speculators; between the labor banks and cooperative credit societies on the one side and the commercial banks and trust companies on the other. The privileged and unprivileged are fighting now over economic, not political power.

What confirms this view of the case is the fact that similar tendencies are to be observed in other countries. The Conservatives and Liberals are fighting for the control of the British government. But who can distinguish clearly between the two parties? Labor appears on the field with a party that is sufficiently distinctive, but it has so little hope in politics that it does not even desire to capture political control. In France Poincaré is riding his country for a fall, but even this spectacle can not galvanize an effective opposition into life. In Germany there is little respect for the existing government, but no party has anything better to offer. In Italy the traditional parties arrived at such a condition of imbecility that the whole nation rejoiced when the Fascisti seized control. Underneath the surface of political futilities, however, in Europe as in America, the economic conflict is seething. Capital is consolidating its position, nationally and internationally, and the labor, agrarian and cooperative organizations are growing steadily stronger.

All these observations are sound, so far as they go. We agree that there are vital democratic and progressive interests that the struggle for power in politics cannot serve. But we cannot accept the assumption that the economic movement can go on independently of politics. That has not been the case in the past and it is not likely to be the case in the future. There was an economic movement underneath the political at the times when party life in America was most vigorous—the backwoodsman against the merchants and big landowners, free labor against slave labor, agriculture against industry. In every case the economic conflict at first emerged in politics only incidentally. Later it clothed itself in the principles and shibboleths of political parties. And the flagging of party fervor has commonly meant only that old issues have become exhausted and new issues have not yet found their proper political expression.

We have the underlying issues to-day. Anyone who has observed the movement of ideas among the most democratic elements in our national life, the farmers and the industrial laborers, recognizes that a challenging mood is growing upon them. They are getting ready to fight. The farmer is no longer disposed to accept the view that a natural law condemns him forever to the position of an underpaid drudge. The industrial laborer repudiates energetically the view that he is fated to cling precariously to the fringes of supply and demand. Both classes question vehemently the dependence of prosperity upon the profits of the privileged. In their cooperative enterprises they have had numerous proofs of the dispensability of middleman and speculator. In their ventures in credit institutions of their own they have convinced themselves that hitherto they have been playing against stacked cards.

Such feelings and convictions are, to be sure, pre-political. But they presage a party movement. Their immediate outlet is in the economic field. But it is inevitable that either the privileged or the unprivileged will reach for political control as a weapon to wield in the economic struggle. The privileged will try to break down the farmers' organizations, as they have tried, and are trying, to break down the labor organizations. The unprivileged will seek to turn the public control of finance to their own advantage. Some indications of the character of the coming struggle are already visible in the politics of the Northwest. The "non-partisan" farmers are fighting for something much more substantial than the shadows of obsolete national issues that have to satisfy the less realistic East.

But the unprivileged are demanding one thing in one locality, another thing in another. Those of one section are suspicious of those of another. The farmers and the industrial laborers are suspicious of each other. Yes, but in less degree than formerly. The election of Shipstead in Minnesota shows that farmers and laborers can work together. So also does the victory in Kansas of a governor pledged to destroy the notorious Industrial Court.

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The material for a new national democratic political movement is available. There is no insuperable obstacle in the way of drawing the several democratic interests together. What is lacking now is a set of principles broad enough to bring together all the democratic elements and rigorous enough to exclude the seekers after privilege.

This means that no mere adaptation of either of the older parties will suffice. For each has its privileged wing. Each draws essential support from the great banks and industrial corporations. Each has its army of job hunters to look after. Each has its stock of obsolete issues which it must in consistency retain, to darken counsel. We shall not have real issues to settle in politics before a new national democratic party has been formed and has attained to such vigor as to compel a coalescence of the privileged elements in a single opposing party.

That must come in the end, but when? The men who are best fitted to lead a new party, like Borah, have invested their lives in one or the other of the older parties. They have repeatedly observed the failure of reform movements within the shell of an old party. They know how Bryan sold the reformers' birthright for a mess of Tammany pottage, and how Roosevelt in 1916 compromised to the point of accepting Lodge as the Progressive hope. An old party is nevertheless a rich city to plunder, and it is human to plan its capture. That is what Borah and the rest of the Progressive leaders appear to be planning now. And since their leadership is for the present indispensable, the movement for a new party will have to mark time. It must wait at least until after the national conventions of 1924, and probably even longer if those conventions yield, as they may, the two half loaves that are worse than no bread.

We can afford to wait, if we must. The underlying economic movement is not marking time. The work of organization is proceeding. So too is the work of education. Compare the labor movement of today, resolute and possessed of well matured strategic plans, with the amorphous and sentimental Knights of Labor movement of a generation ago. Compare the agrarian movement of today and its keen appreciation of the possibilities of cooperation and democratic finance, with the wild schemes of the Populists. Year by year the national democratic economic movement will grow stronger. And when it does succeed in attaining political form it will not be dispersed by one defeat or two. It will be capable of learning through adversity the uses of victory.

Suppliants at the Gate

ONE million men, women and children have been forcibly expelled from Asia Minor and Thrace. They have lost everything but their lives. They are now huddled together in refugee camps in Greece and Bulgaria, eating the bread of charity —so far as charity provides. The Red Cross is acting with energy, and few of them will perish by starvation in the next months. But charity wearies of perpetual distress. What is to become of these people, in the end?

They cannot simply be absorbed into the life of Bulgaria and Greece. Both states are wretchedly poor. Within their narrow confines they have very little arable ground. Bulgaria is able to produce a small surplus of foodstuffs, but barely enough to pay for the most essential industrial products she requires. Greece can feed only three-quarters of her own population with the products of her soil. Neither country has room for additional agricultural laborers. And industry, which among the western nations seems capable of absorbing an indefinite supply of labor, hardly exists in Bulgaria and Greece. They have no coal of their own, and it is impossible for them to build up, on the basis of British coal, an industry which can compete in the international market. Before the war the Greeks supplemented their slender resources with the profits of trade in Turkey and Russia. That trade has been destroyed, and it will be a decade before it can be restored. But even if Greece were rich in unexploited wealth, how could a people of less than five millions accommodate a million refugees? How could we in America accommodate twenty millions? No permanent place can be found for the refugees in Greece. They must find homes elsewhere, or die.

But what country wishes to receive them? What country is under a moral obligation to offer them asylum? We think that the obligation rests equally upon the whole of Christendom. These unhappy refugees are in their present plight for no other reason than their obstinate adhesion to the Christian religion and the repeated promises made by the Christian nations to deliver them from the Moslem yoke. Ever since the First Crusade, the western nations have periodically whipped up the fanaticism of the Moslem rulers, in the pretended interest of their Christian subjects, and then, wearied, have withdrawn, leaving the Christians to Moslem mercy. The Treaty of Sèvres and the British-supported Greek invasion of Anatolia represent simply another chapter in the long history of western meddling in the Levant. All Christendom applaud-

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ed when the Allied statesmen undertook to dismember the fierce Turkish beast with their pens. And all Christendom acquiesced when the undertaking was abandoned. Is it then possible that any American whose Christianity is not a sham can escape a feeling of responsibility for the fate of the Christians expelled from Turkey? Is it possible that any American who is not a fool can conceive that the responsibility is sufficiently met by doles of food to mixed multitudes morally decaying in refugee camps? It is not possible. No one who thinks about the matter at all can escape the conviction that America is under a binding moral obligation to offer asylum to as many of the Greek and Armenian refugees as she can care for without jeopardy to her own vital interests.

Those interests do not permit us to open the door to all the refugees indiscriminately. Among them are many who are defective, diseased, hopelessly shattered, physically and morally, by the wrongs that have been inflicted on them. These must live or die by charity, and there is no point in bringing them across the seas. But there are tens of thousands of the refugees who are sound in body and mind, quite competent to make a place for themselves in our economic life. There are tens of thousands who have relatives here, able and eager to care for them until they can adapt themselves to American conditions of living.

Consider, Christian and humanitarian Americans, how little, after all, is requested of us. Here is a typical case, out of thousands. In the San Joaquin valley there is an Armenian who produces raisins and small fruit for our use. He prospers, but for what he gets he gives good value. He has relatives—his nephews and nieces—drifting and dying in the refugee camps in Greece. He wishes to send for them, at his own expense, in order that he may bring them up as self-supporting and self-respecting Americans. But we forbid him. By our immagration law only 2,388 persons born in Turkey may be admitted in any one year. At the outside, 2,388 of the million refugees may be brought here. When a hundred thousand desire ardently to come, an Armenian resident in America may wait many years before he can find an opportunity to reunite his family.

We are not here criticising the principle of controlled immigration. Some limitation upon immigration is desirable. The quota principle often operates with extreme cruelty and stupidity and it is absurd to suppose that no better principle can be devised. But that is beside the point. If in the case of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians the quota scheme occasionally acts as a sword, severing husband from wife, parent from child, those who suffer under it can return to their country of origin and still live. Not so with the kin of the Greek, Armenian and Syrian refugees. They can return to their country of origin only to die. If in the case of the workers of western Europe exclusion denies them the easiest road to a decent living, nevertheless they have other roads. By toil and thrift they may prosper at home. Not so the refugees in Greece. The case of the refugees is one which we did not contemplate when we adopted the quota principle. Are we Americans so mechanically minded and inhuman that we are incapable of admitting in this case the need of an exception to the principle? We think not.

The Conference on Immigration Policy adopted on November 2nd a resolution requesting Congress "to lift or otherwise modify the Turkish quota for the year 1922-23 in order to relieve those fleeing from Asia Minor and Thrace." It is argued, with perfect justice, that America can without difficulty receive a hundred thousand refugee immigrants, carefully selected according to the provisions of the law in force in 1917. They would come in the care of responsible relatives, and being mostly women and children, they would not upset the labor market. There would be no need of disturbing the general immigration policy. Congress can provide the necessary relief either by lifting the quota restriction on Turkish and Greek territory for the remainder of the year 1922-23 or by admitting, in excess of the quota, otherwise admissible persons coming to join relatives here.

This can be done, very simply, without affecting adversely any important interest of any class of Americans, or of the nation as a whole. One may indeed follow the fashion of saying: I do not like Armenians and Greeks. Do you like them so little that you would be content to have their blood on your head? It must be that thousands of these people, who would live happily if they could be brought here, will die of privation and disease if left in the refugee camps. And no one of candid intelligence will take too seriously his racial likes and dislikes. We do not like races which we do not know. The Scotch, the Irish, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Italians, the Poles, have all had their turn at the newcomer's unpopularity. They have proved assimilable and useful. Those who know best the Armenians and Greeks in America agree that they assimilate readily. But if they did not, who votes that they must die for their unlikeness to us?

Practically nobody would. There is hardly a person who reads these lines who would not gladly lift the quota and admit these refugees, if the decision rested with him. Shall we say the decision

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rests with Congress, and therewith drop the matter? Or shall we bear in mind that if even forty or fifty thousand letters are showered upon Washington Congress will be driven to action? What will *you* do; wash your hands of the suppliants, perishing at the gate, or *write*?

Intellectual Freedom in Colleges

PROFESSOR HUXLEY opens his discussion A Liberal Education with a parable. "Suppose," he says, "it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of everyone of us would one day or other depend on his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check?" He goes on to make his application: "The life, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us . . . do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. . . . The chess board is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature." Huxley had in mind chiefly the elementary game of individual survival which has been played for untold ages by men and women. The degree of success in that game, which has been achieved by what is called the conquest of nature, throws emphasis upon another game which mankind is playing simultaneously, a game still more complicated and dangerous because it must be played by man in society, with organizations for units, a game in which his intellectual power, instead of being directed singly to the task of learning the secrets of nature, is divided and often enlisted against itself by the variety of impulses and incentives of the social world. Indeed, it is generally recognized that the control of natural forces may be used to destroy society; and that man's survival has become much more a social than a physical problem. Even if this problem were solved as a matter of social physics, there would still be the question of the sanction of the process, the value of the achievement. When scientific education has rendered human life securely possible, there remains the task of humanistic education to make life worth while.

In determining the course which humanistic education should follow it is fortunate that we have before us the example of scientific education. The immense advance which science has made since the theory of evolution was promulgated has been achieved primarily in consequence of freedom of thought and investigation, liberty to apply the trial and error method without hindrance. It is true, this freedom was not attained without a struggle. There were vested interests in creeds, faiths and institutions which had become precious to men, and which were conceived to be threatened by free scientific inquiry. In the contest Huxley himself took a leading part which began with his championship of Darwin at the famous meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science at Oxford in 1860. The success of scientific education in achieving its freedom accounts in large measure for the confidence of aim and the certainty of method which it shows in contrast to social, political, economic education. The latter has by no means attained a condition of free inquiry, even in institutions of higher learning. It is true the vested interests threatened by such inquiry are far stronger and more immediate than those confronting the natural scientist. They are bound up with the very being and structure of the institutions themselves. Nearly all of these have been founded by private wealth, or by the existing political state which is controlled in the interest of private wealth. Not only are trustees and regents drawn from the class which has most to lose by any change in the economic order of society, but the officers and teachers are necessarily dependent on this order. Every immediate impulse of self-interest and prejudice is against a fundamental change, or the skeptical inquiry which may be the forerunner of such change. And if, in the absence of any invitation to free thought from above, such impulse arises from below, and the students themselves take the initiative and call before them men and women with social rather than academic experience, it is too natural that such guests should be regarded with suspicion as dangerous interlopers. If the chief aim of collegiate education were to maintain and hand on a tradition founded immutably on the accepted creeds of politics and economics this procedure would be defensible, but if the chief purpose of such education is to free the mind and release intelligence for the work of society, nothing could be more completely a betrayal of it.

In recognition of the peculiar difficulty of securing intellectual emancipation in the field of social education colleges should protect and foster freedom of inquiry precisely toward those matters in regard to which it is their peculiar temptation to avoid it. For example, the leading conception of politics today is nationalism, and of economics, private property. The former is coming to be the assertion of certain dominant, and in their own view, superior groups in their position in a world largely inhabited by subjected, and to use the ac-

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cepted term, backward peoples. The expediency of private property as a necessary economic incentive in the form of private profit is practically accepted as a law by the society of which the colleges are an expression. Now in regard to these two doctrines we should like to see institutions of learning adopting as a part of academic policy the attitude described by Huxley in his proposals for improving natural knowledge: "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such. For him scepticism is the highest of duties, blind faith the unpardonable sin. And it cannot be thought otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith."

As for the students, the necessity of bringing them into contact with the realities of the world was recognized by Milton, who made it a part of his famous scheme of education to have the members of his academy acquaint themselves with the practical business of farming, and to ride forth by companies to view the towns and ports of the kingdom. Something of this sort is being done tentatively in the problems of investigation and survey set in college classes today. It is the chief element in the experiment being tried at Antioch College that each student shall engage as a part of his college course in industrial activity. But if it is difficult to take students into the world, by all means let there be no hindrances placed in the way of bringing the world to them—not merely the world, as Mr. Ralph Easley or Sir Philip Gibbs or M. Tardieu sees it, but the world as the German socialist, the Indian or Egyptian nationalist, or the Russian bolshevist sees it. When we remember with what anxious care our colleges excluded and still in the main exclude the presentation of the gigantic Russian experiment from any point of view except that of a priori hostility, we need not wonder at Professor Dewey's arraignment: "Our schooling does not educate, if by education be meant a trained habit of discriminating inquiry and discriminating belief." Above all we should like to see the leaders of labor, the philosophers and economists of the labor movement representing both the orthodoxy of craft unionism and the heresy of industrial organization, as frequent speakers from college platforms and available for consultation on the campus as freely as are the college preachers. The labor movement needs trained men and women as badly as does the church.

It will of course be pointed out that the analogy which we have drawn between the method by which scientific education has advanced, and that which we recommend for political and economic education is a false one. The scientist in his laboratory is a diplomaed experimenter, and his results, however revolutionary, are (barring the invention of a new explosive, or poison gas), not dangerous to society. He may destroy the God of Genesis, but he cannot affect the security of land titles; he may shake belief in the dogmas of the church but he cannot touch the dogma of the state. On the other hand to set free in the world a vast number of immature minds prepared to question the basic principles of social and political organization is a danger to the well-being and success of the owners of those minds and to the fabric of which it is destined that they shall be a part. It is a danger that must be faced. As we said at the outset, the game which man must play in the mass of human society is infinitely more complex and fraught with more terrible dangers than that in which he plays comparatively a lone hand against the forces of nature. This is not to say that the game must not be played. Political and social experiment may result in explosions which wreck not a laboratory but a nation or a continent. Nevertheless the experiments must be made, or the explosions will come by spontaneous combustion. There are two contending principles in education, authority and experiment. Education in a democracy must be by experiment because democracy itself is experiment. And one of the chief values of education in a democracy, because it is the obvious way by which the dangers are minimized, is to free the minds of men so that the method of experiment may be familiar to them, their conduct of it fearless and impartial, and their acceptance of its results unimpeded by selfishness or prejudice or sense of wrong.

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Germany Today

THE German Republic was not born in a burst of ideal enthusiasm; it did not spring from a longing for brotherhood and equality, like the first French Republic or the United States in the past, or the Russian Republic at present. In fact, before it was constituted not even the Socialists favored it unreservedly. As a prominent German Socialist said to me during the war, while on a visit to Copenhagen, "It would be wrong to overthrow the Hohenzollerns simply because the Allies might demand it. After all," he added, "we must not forget that the dynasty gave us men like the Great Elector and Frederick the Great."

The German Republic came from a crashing of hopes. It was constituted because the people had lost faith in the Kaiser and in the kings who had led them to disaster. It was constituted particularly because France, England and America had proclaimed, time and time again, that their only object in the war was to "make the world safe for democracy." The Germans imagined that if Germany became a Republic the enemy would feel his goal had been reached, and that consequently not only peace but international goodwill and livable conditions for all would be the result of such a transformation. Former enemies would become reconciled in the worship of the same political ideals. The Allies had repeatedly stated that they had no quarrel with the German people but were merely fighting to destroy imperial autocracy. And the politically naïve German people was not perspicacious enough to realize that political hypocrisy, more or less lost sight of during the peaceful years which marked the end of the nineteenth century, had met with a brilliant renascence in the twentieth.

The Treaty of Versailles, however, opened the eyes of the German Republicans. They realized that the clauses of the Treaty could not have been worse if Germany had upheld the old autocratic régime, while the Empire would at least have had the advantage of consolidating German unity. It formed a rallying point which counteracted Germany's instinctive decentralization tendency. The Kaiser's fall, however, marked the unbridgeable cleft between Prussia and Bavaria. French policy did everything possible to widen the breach. As the national government at Berlin was Socialistic, France made a point of backing Monarchistic and Communistic aspirations. Geographically France concentrated her efforts to split Germany on Upper Silesia in the east and on the Rhineland in the west. The object of depriving Germany of Upper Silesia in spite of the plebiscite was to curtail Germany's coal supply and to strengthen Poland. In the Rhine provinces French policy seems to be to take for granted that France will never evacuate the occupied territory. Incidentally the French, who made war to crush militarism, have now in times of peace an army numbering 250,000 more men than the former Kaiser's.

When Germany occupied French territory in 1871 an exchange of not only polite but cordial notes took place between the Commander of the German forces, General Manteuffel, and the President of the French Republic, M. Thiers, the noted historian. Both men did everything within their power to prevent friction and make the occupation as little oppressive as possible, and every effort was made to shorten its duration. The letters of both men invariably concluded with respectful compliments to the ladies of both families. France hastened to pay the five billions and the Germans at once withdrew their army. Today, however, all courtesy and urbanity are lacking in the relations between the French Army of Occupation and the German authorities. Moreover the conditions for this occupation are so insane that the huge sums which Germany pays France are swallowed up by the costs of this useless army. Nothing is left of the German payments to rebuild the devastated areas. They could have been almost entirely reconstructed for one half of what Germany has had to advance for the maintenance of this unproductive burden. At the same time French business men until very recently have bitterly opposed all attempts at German cooperation in the rebuilding of the devastated areas, lest the employment of German workmen cause unemployment among the French. Anyone who sees the way the French government allows its officers to put German families out of their homes in occupied territory and gives free rein to its colored troops would think the object of the French was to stir up as much hatred as possible.

During the war the Germans frequently made the ridiculous and tactless remark that "Germany did not hate France"—a remark which fully justified the Frenchman's ironical retort, "What would she have done had she hated us?" Yet in spite of its absurdity the remark was true, as far as the German people was concerned. Among the broad layers of the German middle classes there reigned

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old deep-seated admiration for French culture. Workers and peasants did not know what national hatred was. But today, after the humiliations heaped intentionally on the German people, hatred is spreading in such a way that the masses—who are absolutely disarmed—would rush and attack the French soldiers with their bare fists if they allowed themselves to be guided by their feelings instead of by their brains.

A real statesman tries to attain his object without humiliating the defeated enemy. This is the very A B C of statesmanship. Bismarck, who in reality was very different from the man of blood and iron he is now said to have been, gave a typical example of wisdom and moderation in 1866, after Austria had been defeated by Prussia. He refused to allow the King of Prussia to march triumphantly into Vienna, he avoided all victorious demonstrations which would breed rancor among the vanquished, he was careful not to deprive Austria of any provinces or towns. He saw beyond the present into the future. He wanted reconciliation between the two peoples, for he meant to keep Austria as friend and ally for the future.

Compare this attitude with that of the Allies in regard to Germany. On the strength of a fiction in which no thinking person believes, namely that Germany *alone* was responsible for the war, humiliations without end have been piled on the defeated. By the Treaty of Versailles, undoubtedly the most stupid document of modern history, the victorious powers under the cover of justice call upon the worst instincts of their own and of the defeated peoples, creating not only material destruction but moral decadence. Their grasping cupidity, posing as the hand of righteousness, first deprived Germany of raw stuffs, provinces, colonies, fleet, airplanes, artillery and army, and then demanded reparation amounts of such magnitude that they can only be reckoned in astronomic figures. Meanwhile the Allies did not hesitate to take over enemy property in Allied countries. They succeeded in making the mark, like Balzac's Peau de Chagrin, shrink until there now reigns such a state of chaos in Germany that France—almost on the verge of bankruptcy—and England—with some two million unemployed—feel the effects.

They have furthermore strengthened German reaction and encouraged German nationalists whose one desire is to overthrow the Republic. In other words, they have strengthened the very elements they claimed they went to war to destroy. Finally, they have managed to discredit the Social-Democrats in the eyes of the German people. The Social-Democrats, being in power in Germany and obliged to give in to every Allied demand, have lost all prestige. In short the Allies have succeeded in undermining the only party with whom they knew they could live in peace. This is and was a policy of rank insanity.

To realize fully what a regression in civilization this policy implies one need only look back a hundred years or so. At that time Europe had watched the French Revolution with horror and misgiving exactly the same as that with which the Western powers have watched Soviet Russia. Coalitions had been formed against the rebel power. During the whole Napoleonic era Europe lived in a state of perpetual upheaval and terror. And yet, in 1815, after Napoleon's fall, Europe made no attempt to weaken France by cutting her boundaries or trying to ruin the country economically. Europe was willing to let bygones be bygones and looked upon the French people and their new government with sincere goodwill. Instead of being hedged off behind a fence as were the German delegates at Versailles, Talleyrand, the French spokesman, was admitted everywhere at the Vienna Congress on an equal footing—more than that, he was admired and fêted as the most brilliant personality of the conference.

Whoever has visited Germany of late and has looked ever so little below the surface must have detected signs of dissolution and disintegration. One political crime follows another. Industry will soon stagnate owing to lack of coal, commerce is being crippled because of the mark's fantastic tumbles. Thinking people in Germany are on the verge of despondency, while the masses are becoming completely demoralized. The common man who, in Germany, used to be a model of honesty, thrift and industry, is growing careless and shiftless, shirking as much as he can, taking whatever he can lay his hands on. The sight of profiteers and the prosperity of those who seem to thrive on his misery make him burn with hatred for the bourgeois and he seeks stimulus in the fanaticism of communist theories. The German workman does not want to grind and toil when all he makes is to benefit the enemy only. The German people, as a mass, does not want to become the gigantic slave or thrall of its former enemies. German officials who before the war were poor but proud are now desperately poor and inevitably less proud, consequently no longer incorruptible, as before. The German Republic stands in great danger of being swept by hunger revolutions, plundering and confiscation of private property; it is threatened with economic and political chaos, followed by brutal reaction.

And in the midst of the general dissolution the young generation in Germany lives in a world of

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hazy unreality. German youth is lost in abstractions as to the future; it lives in a world that bears no relation to real life; it dreams about the coming of a new religion; it worships prophets of mysticism whose melodious words fail to hide the abject poverty of their ideas. Its tendency in art is futuristic. It cares little for the problems of the day. It feels no desire to free its country from the enemy's yoke and still less does it long to play a part in regenerating national character by trying to impose a standard of plain old fashioned honesty in place of the morbid vacillation, indifference, shiftlessness, dishonesty, violence and murder which now reign in Germany.

Germany is a Republic whose republican ideal is still to be born. A nation cannot change its way of thinking in a year or two. For more than a thousand years Germany has been monarchistic. It cannot be expected to become republican simply because a few men scribble a constitution on a piece of paper. Look at Russia. During the Czarist régime Russians complained most bitterly about the despotic political police system. Today, under the so-called dictature of the proletariat the same system flourishes. Russians still continue to be spied upon, cast into prison, subjected to torture and arbitrary execution. The only difference is that the institution previously called ochrana is now called tcheka. It is worse than before, if possible. At any rate it is led by the same men.

Europe's old ideals have disappeared. Liberty is dead. In 1913 I went from Copenhagen to Tunis without a passport. Today I cannot take the half hour trip from Helsingör to Helsingborg without one. Every individual, today, is dependent on the goodwill of the police. Nor is there liberty to work and reap the results of one's strength and will to work. In Germany taxes are so high that, if business people were to be absolutely honest in making out their taxation papers they would have to close their shops.

Only one power in the world, the United States, has found its equilibrium after the crisis. The United States has not necessarily preserved liberty —of that there never was any inordinate amount in the sweet land of the free—but she has at any rate protected and increased her material profits and now, after a temporary eclipse, has found her sound political judgment again. The only remedy for Europe's evils would be for America to assume political and economic leadership of the unfortunate continent. But as that is scarcely possible, Europe will have to work out her own salvation, and in the process Germany's evolution will play a vital rôle.

GEORGE BRANDES.

Tests of Hereditary Intelligence

V.

THE first argument in favor of the view that the capacity for intelligence is hereditary is an argument by analogy. There is a good deal of evidence that idiocy and certain forms of degeneracy are transmitted from parents to offspring. There are, for example, a number of notorious families—the Kallikaks, the Jukes, the Hill Folk, the Nams, the Zeros and the Ishmaelites, who have a long and persistent record of degeneracy. Whether these bad family histories are the result of a bad social start or of defective germplasm is not entirely clear, but the weight of evidence is in favor of the view that there is a taint in the blood. Yet even in these sensational cases, in fact just because they are so sensational and exceptional, it is important to remember that the proof is not conclusive.

There is, for example, some doubt as to the Kallikaks. It will be recalled that during the Revolutionary War a young soldier, known under the pseudonym of Martin Kallikak, had an illegitimate feeble-minded son by a feeble-minded girl. The descendants of this union have been criminals and degenerates. But after the war was over Martin married respectably. The descendants of this union have been successful people. This is a powerful evidence, but it would, as Professor Cattell * points out, be more powerful, and more interesting scientifically, if the wife of the respectable marriage had been feeble-minded, and the girl in the tavern had been a healthy, normal person. Then only would it have been possible to say with complete confidence that this was a pure case of biological rather than of social heredity.

Assuming, however, that the inheritance of degeneracy is established, we may turn to the other end of the scale. Here we find studies of the persistence of talent in superior families. Sir Francis Galton, for example, found "that the son of a distinguished judge had about one chance in four of becoming himself distinguished, while the son of a man picked out at random from the general population had only about one chance in four

* Popular Science Monthly, May, 1915.

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thousand of becoming similarly distinguished." * Professor Cattell in a study of the families of one thousand leading American scientists remarks in this connection: "Galton finds in the judges of England a notable proof of hereditary genius. It would be found to be much less in the judges of the United States. It could probably be shown by the same methods to be even stronger in the families conducting the leading publishing and banking houses of England and Germany." And in another place he remarks that "my data show that a boy born in Massachusetts or Connecticut has been fifty times as likely to become a scientific man as a boy born along the Southeastern seaboard from Georgia to Louisiana."

It is not necessary for our purpose to come to any conclusion as to the inheritance of capacity. The evidence is altogether insufficient for any conclusion, and the only possible attitude is an open mind. We are, moreover, not concerned with the question of whether intelligence is hereditary. We are concerned only with the claim of the intelligence tester that *he reveals and measures* hereditary intelligence. These are quite separate propositions, but they are constantly confused by the testers. For these gentlemen seem to think that if Galton's conclusion about judges and the tale of the Kallikaks are accepted, then two things follow: first, that by analogy** all the graduations of intelligence are fixed in heredity, and second that the tests measure these different grades of heredity intelligence. Neither conclusion follows necessarily. The facts of heredity cannot be proved by analogy; the facts of heredity are what they are. The question of whether the intelligence test measures heredity is a wholly different matter. It is the only question which concerns us here.

We may start then with the admitted fact that children of favored classes test higher on the whole that other children. Binet tests made in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Breslau, Rome, Petrograd, Moscow, in England and in America agree on this point. In California Professor Terman*** divided 492 children into five social classes and obtained the following correlation between the median intelligence quotient and social status:

Social Group	*Median IQ*
Very Inferior	85
Inferior	93
Average	99.5
Superior	107
Very Superior	106

* Galton, Hereditary Genius (1869) cited by Stoddard, Revolt Against Civilization, p. 49.

** cf. McDougall, p. 40.

*** Revision, p. 89.

On the face of it this table would seem to indicate, if it indicates anything, a considerable connection between intelligence and environment. Mr. Terman denies this, and argues that "if home environment really has any considerable effect upon the IQ we should expect this effect to become more marked, the longer the influence has continued. That is, the correlation of IQ with social status should increase with age." But since his data show that at three age levels (5-8 years) and (9-11 years) and (12-15 years) the coefficient of correlation with social status declines (it is .43, .41 and .29 respectively), Mr. Terman concludes that "in the main, native qualities of intellect and character, rather than chance (sic) determine the social class to which a family belongs." He even pleads with us to accept this conclusion: "After all does not common observation teach us that etc. etc." and "from what is already known about heredity should we not naturally expect" and so forth and so forth.

Now I propose to put aside entirely all that Mr. Terman's common observation and natural expectations teach him. I should like only to examine his argument that if home environment counted much its effect ought to become more and more marked as the child grew older.

It is difficult to see why Mr. Terman should expect this to happen. To the infant the home environment is the whole environment. When the child goes to school the influences of the home are merged in the larger environment of school and playground. Gradually the child's environment expands until it takes in a city, and the larger invisible environment of books and talk and movies and newspapers. Surely Mr. Terman is making a very strange assumption when he argues that as the child spends less and less time at home the influence of home environment ought to become more and more marked. His figures, showing that the correlation between social status and intelligence declines from .43 before eight years of age to .29 at twelve years of age, are hardly an argument for hereditary differences in the endowment of social classes. They are a rather strong argument on the contrary for the traditional American theory that the public school is an agency for equalizing the opportunities of the privileged and the unprivileged.

But Mr. Terman could by a shrewder use of his own data have made a better case. It was not necessary for him to use an argument which comes down to saying that the less contact the child has with the home the more influential the home ought to be. That is simply the gross logical fallacy of

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expecting increasing effects from a diminishing cause. Mr. Terman would have made a more interesting point if he had asked why the influence of social status on intelligence persists so long after the parents and the home have usually ceased to play a significant part in the child's intellectual development. Instead of being surprised that the correlation has declined from .43 at eight to .29 at twelve, he should have asked why there is any correlation left at twelve. That would have posed a question which the traditional eulogist of the little red schoolhouse could not answer offhand. If the question had been put that way, no one could dogmatically have denied that differences of heredity in social classes may be a contributing factor. But curiously, it is the mental tester himself who incidentally furnishes the most powerful defence of the orthodox belief that in the mass differences of ability are the result of education rather than of heredity.

The intelligence tester has found that the rate of mental growth declines as the child matures. It is faster in infancy than in adolescence, and the adult intelligence is supposed to be fully developed somewhere between sixteen and nineteen years of age. The growth of intelligence slows up gradually until it stops entirely. I do not know whether this is true or not, but the intelligence testers believe it. From this belief it follows that there is "a decreasing significance of a given amount of retardation in the upper years." * Binet, in fact, suggested the rough rule that under ten years of age a retardation of two years usually means feeble-mindedness, while for older children feeble-mindedness is not indicated unless there is a retardation of at least three years.

This being the case the earlier the influence the more potent it would be, the later the influence the less significant. The influences which bore upon the child when his intelligence was making its greatest growth would leave a profounder impression than those which bore upon him when his growth was more nearly completed. Now in early childhood you have both the period of the greatest growth and the most inclusive and direct influence of the home environment. Is it surprising that the effects of superior and inferior environments persist, though in diminishing degree, as the child emerges from the home?

It is possible, of course, to deny that the early environment has any important influence on the growth of intelligence. Men like Stoddard and McDougall do deny it, and so does Mr. Terman. But on the basis of the mental tests they have no right to an opinion. Mr. Terman's observations begin at four years of age. He publishes no data on infancy and he is, therefore, generalizing about the hereditary factor after four years of immensely significant development have already taken place. On his own showing as to the high importance of the earlier years, he is hardly justified in ignoring them. He cannot simply lump together the net result of natural endowment and infantile education and ascribe it to the germplasm.

In doing just that he is obeying the will to believe, not the methods of science. How far he is carried may be judged from this instance which Mr. Terman cites ** as showing the negligible influence of environment. He tested twenty children in an orphanage and found only three who were fully normal. "The orphanage in question," he then remarks, "is a reasonably good one and affords an environment which is about as stimulating to normal mental development as average home life among the middle classes." Think of it. Mr. Terman first discovers what a "normal mental development" is by testing children who have grown up in an adult environment of parents, aunts and uncles. He then applies this footrule to children who are growing up in the abnormal environment of an institution and finds that they are not normal. He then puts the blame for abnormality on the germplasm of the orphans.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

* Revision, p. 51.

** Revision, p. 99.

They Who Are What They Are

They who are what they are,
  They must look with sad, large eyes
On climbers who climb to a star,
  On swimmers who sink to rise;

Strong men gather the crowd
  And herd it to fight their fight;
Swift men leap from the crowd,
  Snatching at gold or light;

But they who are what they are
  Stand passive to love or pain,
Dreaming of some high, far
  Beauty, or dreaming of gain;

Watching the strong men climb,
  Watching the swift men leap,
Till the gold and the dark of time
Are the cold and the dark of sleep.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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The End of the World

IF this were an age of piety the world would be filled with prophets proclaiming the Last Judgment. The lands have been swept by flame and the seas tinged with blood. Famine has stalked abroad, and pestilence, and the bloodthirsty madness of peoples in civil strife. Thrones have fallen and empires have crumbled. All these things, to the pious, would have portended the end of the world. Our age is scientific, not pious, and fears not for the world and the stars but for the universe which immediately concerns it, civilization. Who is there among us that has not at some time in the last eight years given way to the fear that wars and disorders might develop according to their own baleful logic until civilization disappeared? So widespread a fear was bound to arouse some men to prophecy, to prophecy, but couched in scientific phraseology; a woe! woe! sounded in historical analogies and statistical tables. Of these prophets of the approaching wrath Lothrop Stoddard* is facile princeps. Read him, and shudder.

Believe not in continuous progress, he admonishes. Civilizations rise, flourish, decay and fall, from their own inherent forces. They have done so many times in history: Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes and Crete are dust and uncertain memories. Greece and Rome, for all their brilliancy and might, crumbled and collapsed. There are "three Nemeses that have dogged the footsteps of the most promising peoples." These are "the tendency to structural overloading," "the tendency to biological regression" and the "tendency to atavistic revolt." Look over your shoulder and you will catch the outlines of these grim figures, preparing today to destroy us and our civilization. There is a way of salvation, Mr. Stoddard reassures us, but it is a strait way which a whole people might find difficulty in treading.

Let us first consider the "tendency to structural overloading." It is evident, is it not, that our civilization, like every other, becomes steadily more complicated. Government is a bigger job than it used to be. So with business and the professions. It seems to follow that better brains and more are needed to work the machinery. There are more and more men who find the strain of civilized life unendurable. There are more and more men who are simply unfit to take part in running the machine. At least there is an a priori reason for thinking so. Whether it is actually the case, whether Harding has a more difficult job than Washington had, whether the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford worries more about his traffic than did the owner of the coach line over the Boston Post Road in 1790, it is unfair to ask Mr. Stoddard. Whether there is a larger proportion of the British population unfitted for a place in the machine than there was when Henry VIII hanged eighty thousand sturdy beggars to lighten the land is also an unfair question. Mr. Stoddard's "structural overloading" rests on self-evidence. Let us accept it for what it is worth.

Second, "the tendency to biological regression." Mr. Stoddard assumes, with fair scientific warrant, that what a man is, in a fundamental biological sense, he is by virtue of the laws of heredity. There are tall stocks and short, intelligent stocks and dull. You cannot, by taking thought, add an ell to your fundamental intellectual stature, any more than to your physical stature. Individuals differ in intellectual stature; family stocks differ; races differ. It is a matter of profound interest that according to the most impartial intelligence tests (American) the highest intellectual stature in the world is that of Americans of the colonial stock; next come Englishmen, next other Nordic races, and the more unlike a race is to the American, the lower it stands in the scale. But that is a collateral issue. Within each people there are the superior stocks capable of handling a complicated machinery; the mediocre, who have a conservative bias; and the inferior, who are unadapted and discontented and are naturally in revolt against civilization. Now, the superior stock makes a very small proportion of the whole. It is a "thin red line" between us and decadence. Just how thin Mr. Stoddard thinks, mistakenly, is shown by the army intelligence tests, which found only four and one half percent "very superior." But as Mr. Lippmann has made clear, that percentage has no absolute significance. About five percent were wanted as officers and the tests were gauged to catch that percentage. If we had wanted twice as many officers, Mr. Stoddard would have been reassured with a comfortable ten percent of high superiority.

Nevertheless, men of first-rate intelligence are admittedly rare, whatever their percentage. They are manifestly of great value to a civilized society —or any other. Perhaps the mediocre may keep a routine going, but improvement and invention

* The Revolt Against Civilization, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

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can't be expected from mediocrity. As intelligence is hereditary, a society will have an increasing or diminishing supply of first-rate men according as conditions are favorable or unfavorable to their reproduction. In primitive conditions—hypothetical—the more brainy men had more wives, more children and were more successful in caring for them. Therefore the supply of brains kept increasing—or we will assume it did, since there is no evidence to the point. In the conditions of a highly complex society like ours, the brainy stocks are placed at a disadvantage in breeding. They are on the make, therefore they do not marry, or marry late and have few children or none. They are all climbing the social ladder and children are in the way, both on the rungs and on the shaky platform at the top. So there we are. Our increasingly complex machinery requires more and more brains from generation to generation. But we are gathering up brains wherever we can find them and sterilizing them. Is it not self-evident that we are going to smash? These two Nemeses are enough to finish us. We don't need a third.

But Mr. Stoddard likes to give good measure, and provides us with a horrifying third in "the tendency to atavistic revolt." Men of first-rate intelligence, Mr. Stoddard discovers, are all supporters of civilization as it is. They are clever enough to adapt themselves to it. They profit by it and are grateful. The defectives and inferiors, the tainted geniuses and a few misguided demagogic superiors, are against civilization. It is against them, for that matter, and even their clouded minds can see it. When the operation of the first two tendencies has sufficiently weakened the structure of societies, the inferiors rise in a French or a Russian revolution and try to restore the conditions of barbarism under which they would live at ease. Properly speaking, however, it is not the under man who pulls civilization down. Civilization breaks down and the under man plays merely the part of a scavenger, on Mr. Stoddard's own showing. One wonders why Mr. Stoddard should have wasted so much spleen in traducing the leaders of the revolution. According to his logic, they are only blow flies that sting nothing living.

Civilization is dying, according to our journalistic Jeremiah, and the Bolshevistic worms are going to eat it after it is dead. The malady has been clearly defined. The superior stocks do not breed; the inferior do. What deters the superior stocks from performing their duty to the race? The seductions of money and the material comfort and social prestige it implies. Against a malady so virulent that it has cut the birth-rate of the "very superior" in every country below the minimum required for mere maintenance of the class, what remedy has Mr. Stoddard to offer? The eugenic conscience. Let the superiors use the power they already have to prevent the reproduction of the unfit, and let them recognize their own duty to reproduce. All there is to say about this remedy is that it would no doubt work if the patient would take it. But the patient will not, so long as the social order places its present premiums upon childlessness. Mr. Stoddard might have revolved the possibility of abating those premiums, but that would have placed him in the position of a critic of an existing order—where, by the way, he would find along with the cubists, vorticists, "degenerates," also Jesus, Buddha, Plato, Pythagoras, Euripides, Phidias, the Scipionic School in Rome, the builders of the Renaissance, and the better part of greatness in every age. But by definition, the "A" men in the intelligence test are the best we have, and the test is that of adaptability to an existing system. The adapted have no reason to criticize the order; therefore Mr. Stoddard won't criticize it, lest he be thrust down among the inferior and unadaptable.

There is, however, less profit than diversion in watching Mr. Stoddard dodging about frantically in his attempts to escape the consequences of his own logic. The question which he asks and everyone asks remains to vex us. Is our civilization going the way of Ninevah and Imperial Rome? There is great danger in drawing inferences from such uncertain material as the fragmentary records of civilizations that have perished. But there are illusions about ancient civilization raised by Mr. Stoddard and his kind to terrify the unwary, that may as well be dispelled. The chief one is that those civilizations went under from inner strains just like those under which we are suffering. As a matter of fact, all ancient civilizations, unlike the modern, were perennially subjected to strains of outside origin widely varying in intensity. And it is rarely possible even to draw a plausible inference as to the causes, internal or external, of a particular collapse.

All ancient civilizations, from China around through India, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Greece and Rome, Egypt and Carthage, occupied a relatively narrow territory where intensive cultivation could feed a dense population. All of them labored under the pressure of a barbarian hinterland, sparsely settled by extremely mobile pastoral peoples. Economically ancient history is a conflict between corn and wine on the one side and grass and milk on the other. China possessed the territorial basis of a vast population, and the barbarian pressure from Manchuria and Eastern Siberia was

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relatively light. India also could maintain a vast population and was well sheltered behind her Himalayan barrier. The Mesopotamian cities lay open to the pressures from the grass lands of Persia and Turkestan; Asia Minor lay open to Turkestan and Western Siberia; Greece, to the pressures from the Balkans and Russia, Rome to those of Gaul and Germany. Egypt was relatively well protected by the desert, but Carthage was always menaced by the pastoral tribes of Algiers and Morocco. In normal times every civilized state could hold back the sporadic pastoral bands. But a great drouth, like that which Russia is now experiencing, gave an impulse to movement which might gather wild horsemen into huge hordes capable of breaking over the strongest barrier. Where the invaded state was populous and the invaders not too numerous, as in China and India, the invaders were presently absorbed and civilization resumed its old tenor. There is no historical record of a decline and fall in Chinese and Indian civilization prior to the assaults of the Western civilized powers. Where the invaded peoples were relatively weak in numbers and the pressure of invasion overwhelming, the destruction was complete, as in the case of Ninevah and Babylon. The Greco-Roman civilization is a peculiar case. We are so near to it that we probably exaggerate the importance of transitory phases in the development. But if we could view it from a remoter distance we should probably reject the idea that it ever underwent destruction. It fell into the comatose condition of the Dark Ages while it was digesting the barbarian invaders, only to reawaken in the brilliance of the Renaissance and the power of today.

Civilization is a bigger thing than Mr. Stoddard and the intelligence testers assume. It is something infinitely more varied, subtle and, fortunately, more viable. It needs all its resources, but if Mr. Stoddard's Class "A" very superior men prefer houses and cars and luxurious entertainment and a rating in Dunn's or Bradstreet's to children, civilization can probably make shift to do without their stock. Possibly a class which is capable of such a preference lacks something that civilization needs more than it needs the ability to answer the riddles of our busy little Sphinxlets, the intelligence testers. And possibly, too, the preference is only temporary. To those who are new to the game of pecuniary emulation all sacrifices are a cheap price of success. But as men become more civilized the game seems to lose its charm. The "eugenic conscience" is not likely to respond to a propaganda of "neo-aristocracy" such as Mr. Stoddard inaugurates. But the Class "A" superiors may possible discover in time that there is a place for offspring among the substantial values of life.

Is it worth while to attempt a final appraisal of Mr. Stoddard's book? Its history is sad rubbish. Its biology is of the age of innocence, which embraces sound facts with great zest but does not know what to do with them. Its economics and political science amount to a vague emotion exploding in the dark. Yet it will present a powerful appeal to the class to which it is addressed, the neo-aristocrats or palaeokakistocrats who lounge in luxurious clubrooms and inveigh against the democracy. Its appeal is that of the most subtle flattery. Ye are of the greatest race. Ye are the greatest of the race. Ye are great, not by virtue of what ye have done—for the most part nothing—but by virtue of what ye are. Not, be it understood, by virtue of what ye have made yourselves in the search for beauty and wisdom—for these ye have not sought. Ye are great by the grace of the precious germplasm from which ye spring. Go forth and multiply—ahem, within the law, of course. Seize power, and regulate the lesser breeds at home, firmly, but kindly; excise the pauper and the erratic genius from the loins of the race. Dominate the inferior races in all the quarters of the world. In sum, O Junkers of America, England, France, Germany, Italy, be super-Junkers. Be arrogant and narrow-minded beyond your natural measure. As naïve Junkers, you brought on the late war and shook civilization to its foundations. Make yourselves super-Junkers and you may yet distinguish yourselves in a conflagration beside which the late war was a hearth fire.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Thin Door

When you have walked where you would walk,
And tired your feet of streets and lanes,
Behind a thin door you will talk
Of what you know of suns or rains.

Much you will tell of cooling fact.
You will name the hours dawn and noon,
Predict how all the stars will act
And where the sky will wear the moon.

Yet there will be what you cannot say
Hardened in thought, as in a mine
Lies the unlighted ore; today
Has held more than you can define.

What you may tell is the desperate reach
Of tongues now satiate with clay,
And what will glitter beyond your speech
Is what an unshaped tongue will say.

HAZEL HALL.

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The Great American Art

IF one were indulging in an orgy of aesthetic pigeonholing, one might, casting an appraising eye on the world, conceivably label architecture and painting as the particular triumphs of the French, words as the medium of the English, music as the instinctive expression of Germany. Tying tags in this broad but effective fashion, it is interesting to ask what, if any, is the great American art?

Toward the solution of this question a visiting English actor-manager once threw a helpful hint; but an evening last summer at Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies provided the final answer. The acute foreigner remarked: "As far as I can see, the only real American art is ragtime." This observation slowly bore fruit through several seasons of musical comedies, cabaret shows and vaudeville performances; and the great revelation occurred that hot night at the New Amsterdam Theatre. For the Follies seemed finally to proclaim that vitality, originality and capacity for perfection, hallmarks of the artist, find full elbow room and immediate appreciation in the happy-go-lucky eccentricity of our vaudeville world. Every good musical comedy is now sheer vaudeville; all pretence of a plot has disappeared, thus leaving the musical show a far more homogeneous art. Part of one's attention is not diverted to the following of a creakingly impossible scenario. Instead one can wholly enjoy an honest variety show. Variety is the contemporary and national cry. We do not say exactly: "In nothing too much"; rather do we say: "In everything as much as possible, but not for too long." One of the results is the kaleidoscopic drama of what England would call our "halls," a drama whose voice, whose message, whose reason for being, is ragtime.

"Say it with music." So far America, the hoi polloi, if you will (but the hoi polloi is the nation), has not said anything except with music. National restlessness lives in the conflicting rhythm of jazz. In the precise insouciance of ragtime, leap out America's own efficiency and lack of reflection, its good nature, its self-conscious smartness, its childish and oddly pathetic craving for gaiety.

Ragtime is the noise that fills a too empty room, it is the drunkenness of prohibitionists, the longing for movement and color of those who sit on packing cases and look in vain for beauty and rhythm up and down Main Street. It is barbarically fierce in its effort to conquer vacuum and the horn of the talking machine is its loud mouthed interpreter, generously underscoring the violent cheerfulness of its staccato. Barbaric it is and yet subtle, a medley of strange minor gradations running through the major implication of its tone, like the disquiets, the doubts, the melancholy, distressing the American's determined attitude of optimism.

Ragtime is our folk song. It would seem that we have not developed sufficiently to have evolved anything authentic beyond folk song, any distinctive art of our own in the plastic or literary field. Stray geniuses, Whitman and Emerson, have only served to show up the careful orthodoxy of their fellows. Literature, particularly poetry, shows signs of pulling out of the rut of foreign imitation. Robinson and Frost, Masters and Sandburg are building up an art which mirrors America and expresses the national temperament. They are thus founding an American poetry. But their voices, heard by the few, are but thrush chirps in a wilderness; and the great American art, the art of the people, for the people, by the people, remains ragtime.

Perfection is the aim and the sign of great art. Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies, or the Winter Garden, or an afternoon of vaudeville at the Palace are perfect of their kind. It is, therefore, with sincere enthusiasm and without a trace of irony that one recommends these phases of the American drama as the highest example of a national art. Vaudeville is happy; therefore it is both good and beautiful. Laughter preaches fellowship better than sermons; enjoyment throws magic loveliness, a golden glow, over a bare stage where a comedian in a check suit gregariously leans against a backdrop lamp post. What is more, ragtime haunted vaudeville, unlike the paintings of Mr. Alden Weir, the novels of Mr. Winston Churchill or the criticisms of Professor Brander Matthews, delights us with the unexpected. Irony cannot exist in the face of such vanquishing vitality, such ingenuity of setting and entertainment, such speed, effectiveness, grace and lightness of touch. No song or dance or comic skit is too long; brevity, queen of qualities, smiles triumphantly out at us between the quick rises and falls of innumerable, fantastically colored curtains. Vaudeville leads us breathless but interested, from acrobats to sentimental songs, from pony ballets to well played one-act tragedy. Every musician in the orchestra is mentally on his toes, every pulley is supergreased. To concentrate on the stage management of the Follies is like watching a thoroughbred take a series of fences. The revolving stage has a soul, it bounds forward to its task with a swagger, it prides itself on never making a mistake. It is American. One's brain reels at the thought of how many rehearsals have brought this Protean miracle into existence. Elaborate sets succeed each other, great masses of people parade across the stage and are gone, the orchestra melts from one tune to another, all with the bewildering ease of mastery. The pulchritude of the performers, the quality of the dancing, of the humor, of the costumes and scenic effects, cause our vaudeville to tower above the vaudeville of any other country, as the Woolworth Building would tower above the Invalides. English "two a day" is heavy in comparison, Parisian "café concerts" are meagre and tawdry. In the Follies there were ballets full of imagination in conception and mounted with splendor and taste; the dancing of them by artists of only medium quality was the only factor which prevented them from scoring a triumph. Done by the Russians, they would have been irresistible. But, at least, they showed that American vaudeville is willing, although a bit amateurishly, to concern itself with pure beauty.

Closer attuned to the general audience is the humor of such shows. Humor is as much a necessity to us as sweets; and perhaps for the same climatic reason. Nerves strung to top pitch demand both food and relaxation. Nowhere is the strength of our demand for humor better gauged than by the response to it found in cabaret and vaudeville dancing. Shimmying, shuffling, eccentric and awkward movements are only answers to the national love of the grotesque. About the grotesque, which is a tragic thing, a negation of beauty, an expression of inhibited or disappointed search for the ideal, one could, had one the space, philosophize at length. The theory that our really characteristic art is a reaction from sensuous starvation and like all reactions, a violent thing, is certainly borne out by such manifestations as Mark Twain's bitter chuckle or the calculated extravagance of our dancing; our dancers are experts in rhythmic dislocation, in accurately timed physical buffonery. All art is exaggeration. But in the American exaggeration there is always a self-criticism, an undertone of humor, which is an attempt at fire extinguishing that does not reduce but curiously discolors the flame.

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Grotesque or not, vaudeville represents a throwing away of self-consciousness, of Plymouth Rock caution, devoutly to be wished for. Here we countenance the extreme, we encourage idiosyncracy. The dancer or comedian is, sometimes literally, egged on to develop originality; he is adored, never crucified for difference. Miss Fannie Brice and Sir Harry Lauder are examples of vaudeville performers who have been hailed, joyfully and rightfully, as vessels containing the sacred fire, and who have been encouraged into self-emphasis by their audiences; they are now, as a result of this appreciative stimulus, rare and interesting artists in their field.

Vaudeville, as our most vital art centre, is a treasure house of individuality. In the Ziegfeld Follies, Will Rogers, a superman of coordination, swinging his lasso in complicated whirls and emitting dry patter at the expense of cabbages and kings, was quite justly the idol of his public. In the same spectacle, Gallagher and Shean sang a whimsically ridiculous ditty, which was Gallic in its neat lightness and yet American in its easy familiarity. A vaudeville comedian in America is as close to the audience as Harlequin and Puncinello were to the Italian publics of the eighteenth century. He is, like them, an apparent, if not always an actual improviser. He jokes with the orchestra leader, he tells his hearers fabricated, confidential tales about the management, the other actors, the whole entrancing world behind the scenes; he addresses planted confederates in the third row, or the gallery and proceeds to make fools of them to the joy of all present. He beseeches his genial, gum-chewing listeners to join in the chorus of his song; they obey with a zestful roar. The audience becomes a part of the show and enjoys it. And there is community art for you. Until the cows come home, Mr. Percy Mackaye can write pageants, celebrating civic virtue and so amply supplied with parts that they can only be acted by an entire township; he will never achieve the unforced and happy communion which reigns within the fifty-cent walls of the local Keith's and Proctor's.

The capacity for peaceful penetration of any art is surely a sign of its vitality. We read contemporary English novelists and poets. If we can, we wear French dresses; some of us buy French pictures. Walt Whitman was discovered in England and there is a beautiful French translation of his complete works. Emerson is not unknown in Europe; Baudelaire long years ago translated the gifted and sombre Poe into icily chiseled and admirably appropriate French. Oceans are crucibles, smelting machines for art. Only the best survives their perilous passage. And now for the last decade, Europe has adopted our dance tunes. The Parisian intelligence, cold and sharp as a steel needle, yet always prepared sensitively to oscillate in the direction of the aesthetically significant, has for some time pointed due west at this true American music. Young poets celebrate it in their verse, young composers, Darius Milhaud, Georges Auric and the others, write ballets and symphonies in which may be heard the irresponsible "cancan" of ragtime. John Alden Carpenter, perhaps the most vivid talent among our own composers, will occasionally shift from coolly subtle disharmonies, illustrating poetic or lyric subjects, to write a Krazy Kat Ballet, clever and, shall one say, whole legged, glorification of jazz.

> Come on and hear, come on and hear,
> Alexander's Ragtime Band.

One likes to think of the straight, hard, young rows of our soldiers marching through gray French towns to the devil-may-care lilt of their native noise. To weary hearts, made old by anxiety, such sound may have seemed vaguely shocking, the laughter of a child in a house of mourning. But at least, it brought a message of confidence; it embodied a resilient vitality ready to fly right at difficulty, a defiant sense of the ridiculous, inclined to turn death itself into a dance.

The joie de vivre of jazz is perhaps, as has been hinted, a trifle hectic, it represents a young and superficial straining away from barrenness; but at any rate, it is sincere, it is spontaneous, it is communistic. We can allow the Metropolitan Opera Company laboriously to put on Red Indian Operas by undeniably American composers; Mr. John Sargent can paint pseudo-classic and wholly insignificant figures on the walls of the Boston Museum; Mr. Daniel Chester French can make as many bronzes of Lincoln as he likes. But the only American art, the escape of everyman, discouraged by bleakness, worn by rush and machinery, into the blue of enchantment and rhythm and laughter, the art with Dionysian frenzy in it, the valid, the great American art, so far, is to be found on a blazing stage, full of shapes acrobatically dancing to the exact beat of drums and the seductively insincere moan of saxophones.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

Brains

Six Characters in Search of an Author, by Luigi Pirandello. Translated from the Italian by Edward Storer. Princess Theatre. October 30, 1922.

WE can judge the excellence of a man's legs by how well he can run or jump or dance, and can see easily enough how much eye for color he has. And we can judge his ear for music. We know how strong his muscles are by what he can lift, move or endure. Happily by some kind fortune this does not hold of the mind. We have no reason to believe that there is any higher average of mental endowment of its kind than there is of the eyes for color or of muscles or musical ears. But there is no straight-off way of judging these hidden gifts; and any man is free to think his invisible powers as good as the best. No matter what outward signs and fruits there be, he can go on consoling himself with his unseen depths. For Pirandello's play at the Princess this is a fine thing; otherwise many of our theatre audiences when they run into such subtlety of analysis, originality of invention and brilliant and poignant stress of mentality, would be overwhelmingly put in their places. And without this secure and unseen certainty of their own powers many of our citizens might be upset to hear that these metaphysical, tragic, accurately fantastic and laughable plays by Pirandello are to no small extent mouthpieces of much of young Italy; that on the streets of Rome a year or two ago there was a mob with six hundred persons in it over one of these dramas; and that when one of these works is performed, in the intervals between the acts the aisles and the foyers of an Italian theatre are crowded with discussion like a hot debating academy. However—

The rehearsal of a Pirandello play, ill thought of by the director, is about to begin when six characters from the author's brain appear. They wish to be allowed to react themselves and to set forth the event that is a part of what they are. There are the father and his son, the son's

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mother and three other children by a man with whom the husband, driven by a demon of experiment, has let the wife elope. One of these children is the daughter who has run away and gone to the dogs; the other two are dead but are present on the scene because they have been given a reality and are therefore unchanging. The director at last consents to see their story. They recreate parts of scenes, the actors are assigned rôles and try them, to the great amusement of the realities of whom they are to create the illusion. The father argues metaphysics with the director. The play is halted. It goes on again. The father, repulsed by the son, is more and more attracted to the young woman, who gives way to him. The mother intervenes. The life of these six characters emerges somehow, real and unreal at once. The theatre is mocked for the absurdity of its medium and its inadequacy for any revelation of truth. In the end the little girl is drowned in the fountain and the boy shoots himself. The agony of the mother is terrible and overpowering. Nobody on the stage knows any longer which is reality and which is illusion. The mother goes out with the dead boy in her arms. Is he wounded? the director asks, Is he really wounded? He is dead, some of the actors cry. No, other actors say, it is fiction, don't believe it. The father cries that it is not fiction, it is reality, and runs out. Fiction, reality, the director says. He has never seen anything like it. And they have made him lose a morning.

The play is transplanted from Italy without any great sense of loss and with a very wise omission of any attempt at Italian production or method of acting. Italian dramatists instinctively write for the actors, and this play of Pirandello's is easily accessible to acting and full of possibilities. And this, together with Mr. Pemberton's plausible casting of the characters and his excellent directing, partly accounts for the high level that we get throughout the performance.

As the father Mr. Moffat Johnston was admirable. He got remarkably well into the reading of his many long speeches their essential quality, which was a strange mixture of analytical and physical passion and of boldness and fear, candor and shame. Mr. Dwight Frye brought a convincing imaginative insight to the part of the son, whose life had been outraged by the contrast between his idea of parents and his actual instance of them, and whose place in the whole situation was violently against his will and at the same time an inner necessity. Mr. Frye is a beginner with something very much beyond what the New York stage expects of its young men; he has talent and intelligence; though he should get his r's rightly placed—his "father" and "mirror" and "horror" come off with great travail so far—he should work on his English as Miss Woodruff must have done, whose whole tone and accent is better than last year. And Miss Florence Eldridge needs to cherish her speech now and then; she has a way of speaking too fast and of slurring her consonants till they are lost. But as the daughter her work was astonishingly good; it was impetuous, flickering, sometimes crude, sometimes leaping up, sometimes darkened from within. She achieved the ebullience and tragedy of the character, the necessity for living and for speaking out, the tears and animation and mind. Against the more stolid and upright bodies of the director's own company of actors, Miss Eldridge created something strangely real and unreal and irrepressible. There were moments when she seemed to be a flame; behind her eyes and brow there seemed to shine the light of some youthful and urgent and eternally fixed reality, and about her movement the force of some haunting fatality and enthusiasm. The part of the mother it would be hard to imagine done with more rightness than Miss Wycherly gave to it. As the woman who had loved this man but who had been blind to him and misjudged him, and who had borne four children only to have them dashed from her by death and shame and pride, her suffering was the deepest of all the six; the deep degree of it pushed her grief beyond the actual and gave to it a kind of eternity. Miss Wycherly got this effect. Her eyelids, her brow, her hands, the line of her figure, her cries, had about them that last and final tragic reality of the eternal type.

The translation used of Pirandello's play is not a bad one. The philosophic speeches fare best; as a matter of fact they come over very straight into the English. There are vulgarities now and then that fall below the original—"sopporto la sua vista," for example, is hardly "stand for his face." And to tag on at the very last the bit where the director turns to the actors and says to get on with The Bride's Revenge seems uselessly silly. It is the wrong sort of humor. And what's worse, it is quite out of the key of Pirandello, who ends on reality and unreality and a hint of satire in the director's notion of losing a morning's time. This addition at the very last is a perfect example—more obvious than any Pirandello allows himself to use in the play—of exactly what he satirizes in the theatre, the catering, and fear of not making a go of it, and thick intrusiveness. I hope Mr. Pemberton will risk lopping it off.

In Six Characters in Search of an Author Pirandello first of all manages to contrive a fine theatrical piece. It exhibits everywhere one of his most noticeable gifts—something that may be seen already even in so early a work as his Sicilian Limes, translated in the last number of the Theatre Arts Magazine—the ability to set forth quite well enough what needs to be known and at the same time to clear it out shortly and make ready for what he really wishes to stay on and emphasize. Six Characters in Search of an Author shows a brilliant originality and invention in the situation. The machinery is highly expert with which the double line of incident is established. The transitions, which are so frequent and so varied in event and idea, are facile and profound. Pirandello's play is thought become theatric. And his thought is subtle, and subtle not through the sense of any vagueness but through luminous combinations of precise ideas and suggestions. This drama of his is satirical about the theatre but also in the same way about life. The blind and unending and unconcluded shifting of life is portrayed as it struggles against the accidents and illusion of society. No philosophy is pure, no theory gets a chance to exist in its clear reality, exactly as nothing that one of these characters thinks or feels or intends ever means to another character what it means to him.

Six Characters in Search of an Author has a plot suspense and a thought suspense. You are keen to see what happening will come next; your mind is excited by the play of thought till your head seems to hold a kind of cerebral melodrama. But the greatest achievement in Pirandello's play is that the sum of it is moving. It gives the sense of spiritual solitude. Under this fantasy and comedy and brilliant mockery and pity, it releases a poignant vitality, a pressure of life. It moves you with the tragic sense of a passionate hunger for reality and pause amid the flux of things.

STARK YOUNG.

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Books and Things

FROM Colonel Theodore Lyman's letters to his wife, written while he was on General Meade's staff—September, 1863, until just after the surrender at Appomattox—Mr. George R. Agassiz has chosen enough to make a volume, Meade's Headquarters (Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $4). To those who did not know Colonel Lyman this book reveals him as his friends must have known him, many-sided, clear-headed, imaginative, humorous, unconquerably in earnest, with a courage that expressed itself as lightness of heart. He bore his own share of discomfort and danger with easy gaiety. He was moved to pity, deeply moved, by the suffering of other men, by the change that death makes so suddenly and in war so often. Many questions occurred to him, which he did care to put into words, while watching the uninterrupted spending of life in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, or the waste of life at Cold Harbor.

The realities of war did not become an obsession with Colonel Lyman. They did not keep him from looking at each day as it passed, from looking with steady eyes at events, probabilities, reputations, men. Pictures of men abound in his letters: "As we stood there under a big cherry tree, a strange figure approached; he looked like a highly independent mounted newsboy; he was attired in a flannel checked shirt; a threadbare pair of trousers, and an old blue *képi;* from his waist hung a big cavalry sabre; his features wore a familiar sarcastic smile. It was General Barlow, commanding the 1st division of the 2d Corps, a division that for fine fighting cannot be exceeded in the army." Sheridan, "scarce five feet high, with his sunbrowned face and sailor air," "with black hair and a square head," is "of Irish parents, but looks very like a Piedmontese." At City Point one day, when Lyman had gone with Meade to Grant's headquarters, "there suddenly issued from the house a tall figure who jerked himself forward, pulled suddenly up, and regarded the landscape with an inquisitive and very wrinkled expression. This was the redoubtable Sherman himself . . . the concentrated quintessence of Yankeedom. . . . He is a very homely man, with a regular nest of wrinkles in his face, which play and twist as he eagerly talks on each subject; but his expression is pleasant and kindly. But he believes in hard war. I heard him say: 'Columbia?—pretty much all burned; and burned *good.*'" Grant "is a man of a natural severe simplicity in all things—the very way he wears his high-crowned felt hat shows this: he neither puts it on behind his ears, nor draws it over his eyes; much less does he cock it on one side, but sets it straight and very hard on his head. His riding is the same: without the slightest 'air,' and, *per contra,* without affectation of homeliness; he sits firmly in the saddle and looks straight ahead, as if only intent on getting to some particular point." The sketches of Grant are many, and all are drawn with an eye for his idiosyncracies and without forgetting his greatness.

It is interesting to supplement Grant's estimate of Meade, in the Memoirs, with Lyman's account of him. Grant, with his unfailing candor, says that Meade "was unfortunately of a temper that would get beyond his control, at times, and make him speak to officers of high rank in the most offensive manner. No one saw this fault more plainly than he himself, and no one regretted it more. This made it unpleasant at times, even in battle, for those around him to approach him even with information." There is nothing in the letters to contradict this, but Lyman's Meade, seen always with clear-eyed affection and humorous loyalty, is Meade painted full-length, humanized, broken into traits and moments and yet kept whole. Meade's high temper is shown to us, and his testiness, but also his pleasure in settling down, with a cigar, and having his talk out with Hancock. "'Grant says I must write a report of the whole campaign,'" said Meade to Lyman one day before Petersburg, "in the discontented voice of a schoolboy who has been set a long exercise. 'I can't write a report of the whole campaign. I don't remember anything about some of it. I'm all mixed up about the Tolopotomoy and the Pamunkey and the what-do-you-call-'em Creek.'" Sometimes we get a statement, like this explanation of Meade's lack of popularity outside the army: "The plain truth about Meade is, first, that he is an abrupt, harsh man, even to his own officers, when in active campaign; and secondly that he, as a rule, will not even speak to any person connected with the press. They do not dare to address him." And sometimes we get a characteristic incident, as on a morning when Secretary Stanton, Secretary Fessenden, Grant, several other generals, and a politician or two paid a visit to Meade's headquarters: "General Meade received them with his usual high ceremony. He walked out of his tent, with his hands in his pockets, said, 'Hullo, how are you?' and removed one hand, for the purpose of extending it to Grant, who lighted down from his horse, put *his* hands in his pockets, and sat down on a camp chair."

Colonel Lyman's attitude toward General Meade is a compound of amused friendship and detached loyalty. He keeps guard over Meade's fame. He resents what he thinks the injustice of Sheridan's getting so much larger a share than Meade of glory. He wonders, tolerantly, why the failures are all Meade's and the successes all Grant's. It must have pleased him to read in later years, when the Bird's-Eye View was published, Colonel Dodge's summing-up: "Gettysburg was Meade's victory; Cold Harbor was not Meade's defeat." I dare say the chief value of Colonel Lyman's letters, to a biographer or a historian, will be found in the light they throw upon Meade's character. It is hard to say where the centre of interest will be for the general reader, for this book touches war and life at so many points; it is wise and kindly, serious and playful, it gives us anecdotes and snapshots, it is always aware of the great issues that are deciding, it is acutely observant of the different textures of the days. In November, 1864, upon hearing the news of the end of McClellan's political ambitions, Colonel Lyman falls to thinking of the soldiers who once stood with McClellan in front of Yorktown, "the small remnant of them, those who are not dead or mustered out or crippled, now sifted, like fine gold, through this army. . . . What an experience it is for an infantry soldier! . . . seeing so many men shot in each fight—the great regiment dwindling to a battalion—the battalion to a company—the company to a platoon. . . . Till at last the infantry-man . . . sits down before Petersburg and patiently makes his daily pot of coffee, a callous old soldier, who has seen too many horrors to mind either good or bad."

So skilfully has Mr. Agassiz done his editing that these wide-glancing and extremely readable letters have the additional interest of an almost unbroken narrative. They show the last stage of the Civil War as it appeared to a keen and generous mind, very American in its cultivated New England way. It is good thus to be reminded, by a book of this high American quality, that Boston is in the United States. P. L.

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The Declaration of Independence

The Declaration of Independence: A Study in the History of Political Ideas, by Carl Becker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.50.

IT is just a generation ago that the breath of the scientific spirit was first breathed into the literature of American history. In 1883 was published the earliest of the still continuing series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. The following year appeared the first of Mellen Chamberlain's critical essays. In 1886 came Dawson's Westchester County. From that time onward the stream of historical research has steadily widened and deepened, but to a very considerable extent the results are still hidden from the general reader in a host of monographs and articles not readily accessible to him and even less known. Among the leaders of the new school none has done more valuable work in bringing its harvest before the public than Professor Becker. Always readable and always scholarly, his books are justly entitled to the widest of audiences.

No period has received more intensive study by the new scholarship than the years of the revolutionary epoch from 1763 to 1776, and in his latest volume Professor Becker has not varied even in his title from several written during the past two decades by predecessors. Dr. Friedenwald's volume in 1904 and Dr. Hazelton's more important one in 1906, as well as the subject of this review, all bear the name of The Declaration of Independence, but the subtitles in each case indicate the difference in treatment. Whereas Friedenwald's was An Interpretation and an Analysis, and Hazelton's Its History (i. e., of the Declaration), Dr. Becker has chosen A Study in the History of Political Ideas. It appears to the reviewer, however, that the author has strayed to some extent from the field which he thus voluntarily assigned to himself on his title page and that the book has suffered somewhat from that fact in two respects. Although the first three and the final chapters trace in most interesting and scholarly fashion the development of the ideas on which the Declaration was based and their fortune subsequent to the Revolution, the interpolation of chapters four and five, constituting a third of the volume in bulk, not only breaks the continuity of the main thesis but one of them at least appears to be addressed to a somewhat different audience. Chapter four, on Drafting the Declaration, is an able discussion of the successive forms of that instrument with the verbal and other changes that were made in it during its progress through committee and Congress. The somewhat technical nature of the discussion and the fact that nearly forty pages are taken up with the complete text of all four drafts, with their deletions and interlineations, will probably make it of less interest to the general reader than the remainder of this otherwise very absorbing book. Passing to the next chapter, we have thirty pages devoted to an analysis of Jefferson's prose style.

The book thus consists of three essays on the Declaration, treating it from different angles. We feel that the work would have gained in point of construction had the final chapter, tracing the fate of the ideas of natural rights in the philosophy of the nineteenth century, followed immediately upon the earlier ones which give an account of the rise of the doctrine and of its prevalence in our revolutionary period. In that portion of his task, Professor Becker has been most happy. Of particular interest is his discussion of the influence of Newton in the eighteenth century—which he compares to that of Darwin in the nineteenth—upon the conceptions of nature and natural law held by people generally, even by those who might never have read or heard of Newton's own books. In the development of this popular philosophy the author also allots a considerable part to Locke's "sensational" psychology and dismisses, in a page, all thought of French influence upon the ideas of those who put forth the Declaration. He is undoubtedly right in asserting that the colonists did not borrow or create their doctrines, but inherited them in the English line. Nevertheless, as a result of recent study, I am inclined to think that French thought had more to do with the political ideas of some of the New Englanders, at least, than we have formerly believed, though it was unquestionably a minor strain. Not only, for example, was Montesquieu frequently quoted by the newspaper writers but a widely advertised plan was promulgated to publish an American edition of his works.

In the chapter on the Theory of the British Empire, the author brings out with singular lucidity the successive shifts in constitutional position that the colonists found themselves obliged to make as the controversy proceeded. He is equally successful in the final chapter in tracing the causes and progress of the decline in our revolutionary philosophy in the nineteenth century, in the main, just because of the fact that it *was* revolutionary.

With all the excellent work which has been done in recent years upon the causes of the Revolution and its philosophy, it would seem as though attention were even yet too exclusively devoted to the decade immediately preceding the final break, and to literary sources. Historians, it is true, are no longer content to explain that exceedingly complex movement by the simple formulae of the earlier time. Some idea of the many cross-currents in those stormy waters may be gained from such a book as Dr. Schlesinger's on the merchants and the various parts for which they were cast from time to time in the final period. But we cannot understand the period from 1763 to 1776, and the ideas which were then so prevalent as to seem "sheer common sense" to the colonists, unless we study the whole of that earlier and much neglected period from the beginning of the century to the revolutionary years of its third quarter. In several places, indeed, Professor Becker suggests this with a passing reference. "Generally speaking," he says, for example, "men are influenced by books which clarify their own thought, which express their own notions well, or which suggest to them ideas which their minds are already predisposed to accept." And again, "Locke did not need to convince the colonists because they were already convinced." If this is so, and to the present writer it seems most indubitably so, is it not time that we left for a while the years of the dramatic dénouement and the purely literary sources, and studied those decades preceding 1763, and the life of the common people whose philosophy was being formed by the contacts of their daily round, in order to discover how and why their philosophy was formed, and why it was that the literary sources did not need to convince them because they were already convinced? In the study of ideas we are too apt merely to trace their lineage from author to author. A crop needs soil as well as seed. This is not to quarrel with Professor Becker's volume, which was not intended to cover this ground, but to indicate a field which must be tilled before we can follow, with full comprehension, the history of our political thought.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

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Ecclesiastical Novels

The Cathedral, by Hugh Walpole. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

The Altar Steps, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

WHEN Anthony Trollope completed his Cathedral Series with The Last Chronicle of Barset he addressed a word of apology to those who had accused him of having forgotten, in writing of clergymen, "the most prominent characteristic of the ordinary English clergyman's life." He considered, he said, that in view of the importance of clergymen to society, he had a right to treat them in their social, rather than their professional character; that as a novelist he was entitled to write of them out of their pulpits as he might write of doctors and lawyers, but that he had "no such liberty to write of them in their pulpits." It is in the main under this limitation that Mr. Hugh Walpole wrote The Cathedral. It is as an institution dominating the town of Polchester and the lives of its most prominent citizens that Mr. Walpole considers the sacred edifice. Highest and most zealous among its servitors is Archdeacon Brandon, a militant churchman who reminds one vaguely of Trollope's Archdeacon Grantly. The story is the struggle of the Archdeacon to maintain his pride of place, and his fall, at first gradual, then with accumulating momentum to the crash. This catastrophe is brought about by events in his family, by ecclesiastical intrigue in the chapter, and it is the central theme of conversation in the provincial society. But there is this difference. To Mr. Walpole's realism is added an element of symbolism. The Archdeacon's character is moulded by the cathedral which he loves and serves, and the cathedral represents the power of institutions and tradition over the souls of men. This symbolism carries the author over at one point into spiritual issues. The candidate for the living of Pybus St. Anthony puts the case of the cathedral as that between the religion of authority and the religion of spirit—"I care only for Jesus Christ. He is overshadowed now by all the great buildings that men have raised for Him. He is lost to our view; we must recover Him. Him! Him! Only Him!"

The faults in Mr. Walpole's execution are those of over-emphasis. It is clear—too clear—that his artistic intention is to make the cathedral the chief character in the story, as Egdon Heath in The Return of the Native. The device is overstressed. Again the catastrophe is too long foreseen, and the events which lead to it too insistently calculated to this purpose. In short the hand of the potter is thick and his clay stiff and sticky. No wonder he bears too heavily on his wheel.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's The Altar Steps offers a brilliant contrast to The Cathedral. The theme is of boyhood and growth instead of manhood and decay. The hero, Mark Lidderdale, is the son of a parish priest in London, one of the martyrs of the ritualistic controversy of the eighties. His own education for the priesthood through the Catholic Movement in the Church of England is the substance of the book, which is but an overture to The Parson's Progress. It is an ecclesiastical novel as is The Cathedral, but the forms and ceremonies, the institutional life, with which Mark Lidderdale is concerned are matters of vital moment to the souls of him and his associates. The story is thus more intimately one of spiritual experience, and at the same time it is gayer and lighter. Where The Cathedral is solemn and weighty with Anglican tradition just touched by evangelical enthusiasm, The Altar Steps is genial and bright and human with the spirit of Catholicism. There is a spontaneity about it which recalls Newman's Loss and Gain, the novel of the first period of the Oxford Movement; and both books present a religion as far as possible removed from the gloom of The Way of All Flesh. The Cathedral is a novel of society in a small city; The Altar Steps is a story of individuals and monastic groups chiefly in village and countryside. In the out-of-door quality it seems to recall the England before the Reformation and to suggest the plausibility of the dream of its return. If the action of The Cathedral is too carefully calculated, that of The Altar Steps is a bit too casual. The hurried sweeping away of characters from the board when they threaten to impede the progress of the story suggests a rather liberal view of the responsibilities of the novelist. But this goes along with the exuberance of Mr. Mackenzie's art, which he has not lost in turning from Michael Fane and Sylvia Scarlett to Mark Lidderdale and Father Rowley—from profane to sacred love.

Of the two books that of Mr. Mackenzie is the more modern. Mr. Walpole contents himself with the photographic realism and the simple a priori psychology of Trollope and his contemporaries. Mr. Mackenzie is more penetrating in his interpretation of behavior and study of the inner life. Trollope spoke of writing of clergymen out of the pulpit as he might of doctors and lawyers. It did not occur to him that the re-creation of the professional background and psychology would become a method and an object of his successors in realism. Mr. Walpole also remains in the general social sphere of the novelist of manners. Mr. Mackenzie in his minute study of the detail of Anglo-Catholic religious practice and its psychological implications becomes a specialist in the field to which his characters invite him. In this respect The Altar Steps suggests the intimate blending of ecclesiastical ceremony and music in Huysmans's En Route. In fact this simultaneous turning to the church on the part of two such novelists of the world as Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mackenzie reminds one of Huysmans in his progress from A Rebours and Les Soeurs Vatard to En Route and La Cathédrale. It is another indication of the submergence of materialistic realism in the rising tide of mysticism.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Causes of Crime

Crime: Its Cause and Treatment, by Clarence Darrow. New York: The T. Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

HERE is a dangerous book. It is likely to disturb the comfortable ignorance of many an unwary reader. There are no growling tables of statistics, no barking footnotes, no deep-baying Latin phrases to warn Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt that their dogmas may be discomposed by a scientific questioner. There are no smashing adjectives and bleeding nouns to put the conservative on his guard against the intrusion of new and "radical" ideas. Clarence Darrow seats himself in an easy chair, crosses a pair of long, careless legs and discourses upon the "reflections and experience of more than forty years spent in court." The criminal is not a mysterious person to him. "He is one who, from inherited defects or from great misfortune or especially hard circumstances, is not able to make the necessary adjustments to fit him to his environment." He observes

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that the great majority of criminals come from the ranks of the poor and the uneducated. He discusses the persistent cause of a variety of crimes, quietly, casually leading the Babbitts to agree that "the criminal is the result of all that went before him and all that surrounds him." Unconscious that they are committing sacrilege, they will find themselves nodding assent to the proposition that "crime is a disease whose root is in heredity and environment." But they will be aroused to protest when their ruminating friend carries his conclusion one step further.

"When public opinion accepts the belief that punishment is only cruelty, that conduct is a result of causes and that there is no such thing as moral guilt, investigations and sorting and placing of the unfortunate can be done fairly well." No such thing as moral guilt? From page 128 to the end of the book Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt will be sitting stiffly in their chairs regarding their beguiling host with alert suspicion. He points out the causes of crime with a calm assurance that is all too convincing. In the light of these diagnoses, current methods of treatment appear to be not merely futile but aggressively wrong. The Babbitts will know that it is Darrow who must be wrong. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." An army of well established precedents for safe thinking will come to the aid of the shrinking Babbitts. They will pluck up courage and turn against the iconoclast long before he makes his final attack upon their concepts of justice.

> There is no such thing as moral responsibility in the sense in which this expression is ordinarily used. Punishment as something inflicted for the purpose of giving pain is cruelty and vengeance and nothing else. . . . If doctors and scientists had been no wiser than lawyers, judges, legislatures and the public, the world would still be punishing imbeciles, the insane, the inferior and the sick; and treating human ailments with incantations, witchcraft, force and magic. We would still be driving devils out of the sick and into the swine.

The Babbitts will part with Mr. Darrow with some relief. It is discomforting to disagree with so deep a student of human behavior, but it is more discomforting to be dragged away from habitual level paths of thought and urged along an ascending obscure trail of "new fangled notions." So the Babbitts will not follow Darrow. Yet they are likely to remember the evening they spent with him and, so remembering, some day they may make the astounding discovery that the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New Testament are not the same—and that the enforcement of Mosaic Law in the criminal courts is not a Christian proceeding.

It is a dangerous tendency for common folk to question any part of that magnificent compromise between law and religion upon which, as we are so often informed, the stability of our institutions is maintained. Darrow's Crime with its unpretentious, effective appeal to common folk encourages his questioning. He does not write over the heads of his readers or write down to them. He sits back in his easy chair and talks with them, using the same adroit simplicity with which he persuades a jury into at least a tolerance of ideas somewhat strange and disturbing, but appealing to the best of human nature. Thus he has written a dangerous and most entertaining book which will do no one any harm and will make many a man a more useful, charitable human being. A valuable Appendix to the Ten Commandments. DONALD RICHBERG.

Sludgery

On English Poetry, by Robert Graves. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES has written charming verse, in which energy and fancy are pleasantly mingled; and one thinks of him as one of the few young poets who gave a sign or two of writing decent verse about the war. One also puts it down in his favor that he shows, in his later work, which for the rest is not wholly successful, a disposition to experiment. This might or might not ultimately lead him to something unique or good. At all events one has enough doubtful respect for Mr. Graves so that when one encounters the jacket of his new book one has a genuine thrill. "This volume," says the publisher, "is a literary landmark of importance. Robert Graves is the first well-known English poet who has attempted a detailed study of the nature of poetry and poets in the light of advanced psychological research and from a subjective point of view. This book will undoubtedly rouse a bitter controversy in literary circles of America, as it has in England, and have a stimulating if disturbing influence on the present canons of poetic criticism. . . ." It is perhaps hitting below the belt to remark that the controversy roused in America might certainly be as bitter as that in England for the very good reason that the book, for some time after its publication in America, had not yet been published in England. But that is the sort of error which is constantly occurring on book-jackets. . . . The other errors on the present jacket are, I think, less excusable. One finds a particularly juicy morsel in the sentence: "Robert Graves . . . detailed study . . . in the light of advanced psychological research and from a subjective point of view." This sentence, in the light of one's completed examination of the book, is simply astounding. So is the assertion that the book is a "literary landmark of importance."

The plain facts are that the book is thoroughly bad, and not merely bad in the sense of being mediocre, but offensively bad. One can forgive the errors of the industrious, the bigotries of the zealot, the ignorance of the young. But Mr. Graves is neither industrious, nor a zealot, nor wholly young, and one finds no excuse for his extraordinary compost of adolescent egotism and pseudo-science. The tone of his book is simply—one cannot help saying it!—juvenile. It is all very well for Mr. Graves to attempt to disarm criticism by saying in his preface that he may have made mistakes which may be held up to "popular execration" (sublime vanity!) and that he cannot promise to remain faithful to any of the views he advances. Why—if one is so uncertain, if one knows as little as Mr. Graves appears to know—rush so loudly into print? Why these delphic airs, these esoteric confidences (which also are so platitudinous), this enormous pretentiousness? But it is no use trying to take the book seriously: it cannot be done. It is quite clear what has happened. Mr. Graves has taken a few vague psychoanalytic notions out of the air, added a few half-comprehended observations of his own behavior before, during and after poetic composition, and written a pompous, fatuous and gloriously inaccurate book. It has not the slightest scientific value. Mr. Graves has obviously not studied modern psychology at all—knows nothing about it; and "advanced psychological research" has nothing to do with the case. He defines poetry as the result of emotional conflict, which is all very well—it has been said before; but when he attempts to expatiate on this theme it is with horrible results. Even the "subjective"

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parts of his book are useless. A poet who examined himself honestly, patiently and intelligently might contribute at least a "document" for science. But Mr. Graves is too much concerned with the impression he is making to be either intelligent or honest, and consequently his book is neither a document nor a study. And nothing, one is certain, could be more heart-rending than his attempts to be funny.

CONRAD AIKEN.

An Introduction to Philosophy

An Introduction to Philosophy, by Wilhelm Windelband, translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.00.

IN these days when the fashion among American philosophers is to publish either general exhortations or else more or less polemic monographs on education, politics or other social problems, it is good to come upon a book that dares to treat the whole of philosophy, even though it is called an introduction and is written in the classical German manner. Within a moderate compass we have a survey of all the great problems of philosophy, the problems of value in morals, politics, art and religion, as well as the problems of existence, history and knowledge.

Professor Windelband's book has the great merits which have made German philosophy so preeminent—accurate and wide historical knowledge, a generous sweep of ideas, sympathy with the intellectual puzzles and predicaments which disturb man's inner life and, above all, a wholesome disregard for that worldliness or narrow practicality which would put unimaginative perpetual motion above the profound experience of contemplation. But these qualities, alas, carry with them the characteristic defects of pompous artificiality, undue respect for conventional judgments, pretended absolute certainty in matters which are most problematic, and a fatal disinclination to entertain serious doubt directed against the self-styled critical philosophy. Thus the assumption of a *superior* reality behind the veil of phenomena is never really proved; and the challenge to do so which comes from the positivist camp is certainly not effectively met by the rhetorical appeal to the dignity of philosophy. Indeed, from a strictly intellectual point of view the whole method of "the hypostatization of ideals" (page 40) is as baseless a superstition as the argument that there must be a happy hunting ground or Mohammedan paradise because people have acted as if these ideals had existence beyond the grave. What is the very basis of all superstition but just this tendency to believe that what we crave for necessarily exists? It is doubtless true that the fundamental assumptions of every one of our creeds are incapable of proof, since proof of universal propositions is always based on assumption. But it is only the sophistication of advanced philosophy which can see in the impossibility of proof a ground for absolute certainty.

Despite the essential unsoundness of Professor Windelband's fundamental method, there are many very admirable things in this volume. Particularly apt is the chapter on history, and the discriminating remarks on progress and on optimism versus pessimism. But the underlying, inflexible dogmatism prevents genuinely new insight into the factual world. Thus historically or empirically conditioned facts like monogamy are posited as absolute types of ethical life.

It is a pleasure to add that the translation is unusually well done.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

Modern Economic Tendencies, by Sidney A. Reeve. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $12.00.

HERE is a book, which, as the blurb writers tell us, merits both laughter and tears. It is fat, bulky, pompous, dull, and concludes its 900 pages with the philosophy of "consumerism and consumeration." And yet out of this chrome-colored welter there emerges something portentous, something of the first importance. Mr. Reeve, engineer and statistician, has spent twenty years of his life gathering facts and figures which truly seem to show that the capitalist clock is running down, that overhead costs are accelerating so fast that the productive mechanism cannot support them much longer. Calamity howlers have cried this wolf so often that we have become almost completely immune. But these gentry have at the most skimmed a crop report and a chapter or two of Marx. Their data have been grossly inadequate. Year by year, decade by decade, this author has marshalled his figures—and year by year, and decade by decade, the overhead grows. Grows until it now stands like a sword in the sky—overshadowing and terrible. From an index number of 100 per unit in 1850, it has mounted to 332 in 1920. This increase Mr. Reeves terms "commercialism" or the sheer wasted effort expended in rigging the market and selling the goods. For those who have a premonition that the present economic order is getting shaky, go to Modern Economic Tendencies for limitless confirmation. It is a sorry peace of editing but it is a gold mine of facts.

STUART CHASE.

Random Memories, by Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, with illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THE last issue in the New England stamp series of the publishers. Color, pale blue. In background, Craigie Hall at Cambridge, Egyptian pyramids, Siena palaces and the Parthenon. Harvard University strangely lacking. There is no foreground. In upper right hand corner an unexpected finely-wrought cameo of Thomas Couture, French painter. At lower left, group of New Englanders, said to be Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, Fields, etc., but faces scarcely distinguishable. Old Puritan watermark. Surcharge: Good wherever Boston Transcript is sold. It is expected the issue will be purchased to fill out the set.

A. W. V.

Principles of Social Psychology, by James Mickel Williams. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS has written an intelligent and instructive volume, but it has small claim to call itself Principles of Social Psychology. It treats of the conflict of the "egoistic" and "altruistic" sentiments in labor, politics, the professions, the family, etc., but the "social psychology" is very thin and unsystematic, and there is no indication of a method of solution of the conflicts involved.

The valuable feature of the volume lies in its presentation of the most enlightened views of modern students of these questions. The author is inclined to liberalism, has read and digested Veblen, Dewey, Thorndike, Hocking, et al., and presents their opinions in a very well organized

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way. On this account it is a useful book for the layman, and is admirably designed to promote an intelligent general interest in social problems.

Two Books of Verse

The Black Panther, by John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE religious and mystic rapture that Mr. Wheelock strives for in his verse Francis Thompson achieved; but Thompson was neither sane, Anglo-Saxon nor a graduate of Harvard University. Mr. Wheelock is too normal, too civilized for unhinged intensity. He does not even do all he might, he tries so hard for sentiment that his technique suffers; in Sea Horizon, for instance, every adjective tends toward magniloquence, majesty, solemnity or beauty; but each is so regularly placed that the effect is plodding when it ought to be breath-taking. The truth is, religious poems, like juggling acts, are dangerous things; one electron this side of perfection—or ecstasy—and they either leave one cold, or worse—they become ridiculous.

The Garden of the West, by Louise Driscoll. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

NO poem in Miss Driscoll's book is great, none is even memorable. The lyrical, the visionary, the philosophic gift is slight. But no one can read verse after slender verse without receiving unmistakable intimations of a determined personality. It may be the personality of white-robed youth, secluded from life and cloistered from the world, unconscious of H. D. and of Pound, who writes at dusk the dreams that come to her. Or, assuming that Miss Driscoll is conscious of contemporary tendencies in verse—the bitter magniloquence of Eliot, the uncontrolled force of Sandburg, the rotten-luscious romanticism of Yeats—the personality is rare, straight-lipped courage and clear-eyed self-confidence. "None may be found but will call my thought arid, my conceits heavy, my images trite; but these are my thoughts as they came into my head; these phrases are as they ran from my pen; and they are precious thereby."

HELEN GOODSPEED.

Contributors

GEORGE BRANDES, the Danish critic and essayist, has written many volumes of history and of literary criticism, among them Main Currents of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century, Shakespeare, Goethe, Impressions of Berlin, The World at War, etc.

FRANK ERNEST HILL is on the editorial staff of the New York Globe, and is one of the editors of Measure, A Magazine of Verse.

HAZEL HALL is the author of one volume of verse, Curtains.

MARY CASS CANFIELD is a contributor to Vanity Fair and the New Republic.

DONALD RICHBERG is a lawyer, practising in Chicago and closely associated with liberal political movements in that city. He presented the case of the unions against the Daugherty injunction in September.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of The Founding of New England, which was awarded this year's Pulitzer prize for "the best book of the year on the history of the United States."

CONRAD AIKEN is at present living in London. Besides his poems, the most recently published of which are Priapus and the Pool, and Punch: The Immortal Liar, he has written one volume of criticism, Scepticisms.

STUART CHASE is consulting accountant of the Labor Bureau.

HELEN GOODSPEED is a student at the University of Chicago, a writer of verse and reviews.

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Benjamin Greenstein
By George S. Hellman

Six Drawings
To "The Song of Songs" and "The King"
By Benjamin Greenstein

The God-Intoxicated Man
A Play in Three Acts
By B. M. Greene

Concerning "Racial Differences"
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